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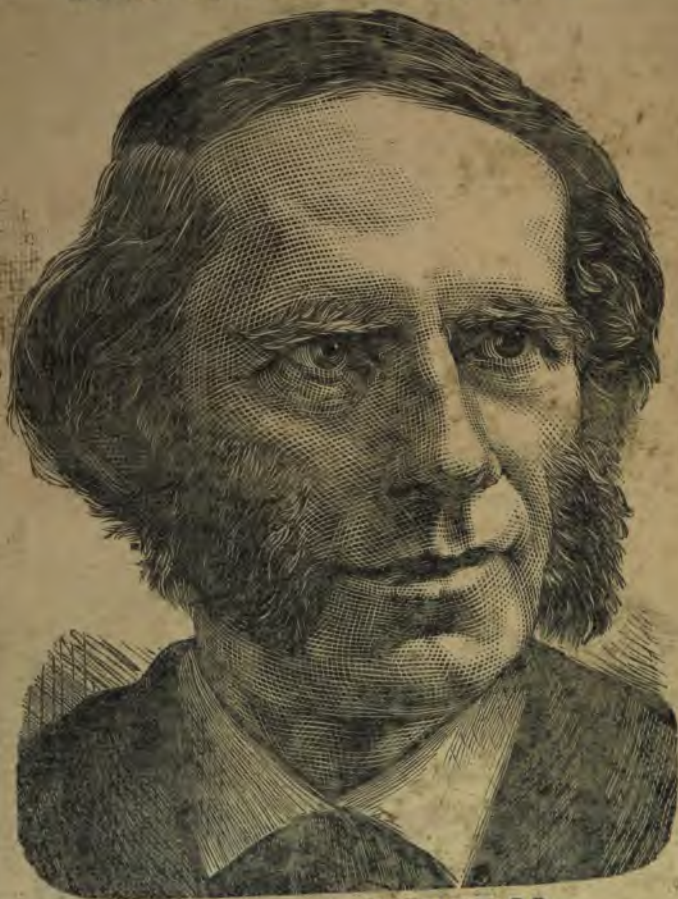
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THE LIFE
OF
DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

Edited by JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.
Born January 7, 1832

LONDON
"CHRISTIAN AGE" OFFICE, 107 FLEET STREET, E.C.



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L I F E
OF
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

U.S.A.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE
AND SPECIMENS OF HIS ORATORY

EDITED BY
JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.

OF THE 'CHRISTIAN AGE'

LONDON
'CHRISTIAN AGE' OFFICES, 107 FLEET STREET, E.C.
1879

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PREFACE.

KNOWING how deep and widespread is the interest which the Christian people of Great Britain and Ireland take in the Sermons of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, and his life and labours generally; and as the *Christian Age* was the first to introduce his name as a preacher to the British public, now eight years ago, we have thought it right under present circumstances, when his visit to this country is exciting almost universal attention, to avail ourselves of the resources at our disposal, and present, in a handy and readable form, an outline of the principal events in his life, and a sketch of the rise and progress of the work over which he presides, in the Tabernacle now immortalized through connection with his name. As far as possible, we have done

this in Dr. Talmage's own words; thus giving our readers a guarantee of accuracy as to the facts stated, and at the same time furnishing them with some choice specimens of the marvellous oratorical and literary power of this far-famed preacher.

JOHN LOBB.

Christian Age Office :

LONDON : June, 1879.

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L I F E

OF

REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born in Boundbrook, Somerset County, New Jersey, January 7, 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children, of whom five were girls. In personal appearance he is a little above the medium height, with blue eyes and sandy hair and complexion. He dresses very plainly but neatly, and in private life rather resembles an off-hand merchant than a clergyman. His father (David T. Talmage), was noted for his remarkably good judgment, firmness, deep piety and activity in Christian life. His mother, Catherine Talmage, was a woman of great strength of character and sweetness of disposition, and a frequent attendant upon the sick and the poor within the circle of her influence. Dr. Talmage says: "At eighty-three years of age my father exchanged earth for heaven. The

wheat was ripe, and it has been harvested. No painter's pencil, or poet's rhythm, could describe that magnificent sunsetting. It was no hurricane blast let loose, but a gale from heaven, that drove into the dust the blossoms of that almond-tree! His death furnished lessons for me to learn, and for the many friends who knew him. As the child of his old age, I pay an humble tribute to my father, who took me into his watchful care, and to my mother, whose parental faithfulness succeeded in bringing my erring feet to the Cross, and kindled in my soul the anticipation of immortal blessedness! I must not therefore fail to speak on the occasion of my father's death. Methinks the old family Bible which I brought away from home would rebuke my silence, and the very walls of my youthful home would tell the story of my ingratitude. Therefore I must speak, even with a broken utterance, and in terms which may seem too strong for some who have never had the opportunity of gathering the fruit of a luxuriant almond-tree. In the death of my father I discover the beauty of old age.

Solomon announced that 'the almond-tree shall flourish.' Now, it is well known that in the month of January Palestine is adorned with the blossoming of the almond-tree. It breathes its life into that winter month, as a promise of God sometimes lights up and sweetens the coldness and desolation of a sorrowing spirit. It was not a *useless* tree, made just to bloom and die; or, like the willow by the water-courses, to stand weeping into the stream; but

it disputed with terebinth and cassia for a high place in the commerce of the world. Its wealth bore down the dromedaries of the desert, and in ships of Tarshish, struggled with the sea. Its rugged trunk parted into gracefulness of branch, and burst into a lavishness of *bloom*, till the Temple imitated it in the golden candlestick, and Jeremiah beheld its branches shaking in his dream! The pomegranate had more pretentious colour, and rung out its fragrance with red blossoming bells; but the almond-tree stood in simple white, as if, while born of earth, it aspired to take on the apparel of those who dwell in 'raiment exceeding white,' so as no fuller of earth can white them! When the almond-tree was in full bloom it must have looked like some tree before our window on a winter's morning, after a nightfall of snow, when its brightness is almost insufferable; every stem a white and feathery plume. A row of almond-trees in full bloom must have roused up all the soul's sense of purity; when they began to *scatter* their blossoms, as one by one they fell, it must have seemed like the first struggling flakes of a chill day, coming thicker and faster, until the herbage, still deeply tinged with autumnal colouring, is covered, and the hills and mountains, that were of scarlet, become as white as snow.

Now the reader will see Solomon's meaning. He was giving a full-length portrait of an *aged* man. By striking figures of speech he sets forth the trembling and decrepitude, and then comes to describe the whiteness of his locks, by the blossoming of the

almond-tree. It is the master touch of the picture, for the reader will see in that one sentence, not only the appearance of the hair, but an announcement of the beauty of old age. The white locks of a bad man are but the gathered frosts of the second death, but a 'hoary head is a crown of glory' if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no colour in the cheek, no lustre in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man, whose life has been upright and Christian, there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook on the white tops of the almond-tree. If the voice quiver it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choir. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments, to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair is turned, it is only the grey dawn of Heaven's day streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting fruit. Elijah's flaming equipage were too tame for this ascending spirit. The arms of Jesus are grander than bounding horses of fire.

The old age of my father revealed the beauty of

a cheerful spirit. I never remember to have heard him utter a gloomy expression. This was not because he had no perception of the pollutions of society. He abhorred anything like impurity, or fraud, or double-dealing. He never failed to lift up his voice against sin, when he saw it. He was terrible in his indignation against wrong, and had an iron grip for the throat of him who trampled on the helpless. Better meet a lion robbed of her whelps than him, if you had been stealing the bread from the mouth of the fatherless. It required all the placidity of my mother's voice to calm him when once the mountain storm of his righteous wrath was in full blast; while as for himself, he would submit to more imposition, and say nothing, than any man I ever knew.

But while sensitive to the evils of society, he felt confident that all would be righted. When he prayed, you could hear in the very tones of his voice the expectation that Christ Jesus would utterly destroy all iniquity and fill the earth with His glory.

My Christian father, too, was not a misanthrope, did not think that everything was going to ruin; but considered the world a very good place to live in. He never sat moping or despondent, but took things as they were, knowing that God could and would make them better. When the heaviest surge of calamity came upon him, he met it with as cheerful a countenance as ever a bather at the beach met the incoming Atlantic, rising up on the other side of the wave stronger than when it smote him. Without ever being charged with frivolity, he sang, and

whistled, and laughed. He knew about all the cheerful tunes that were ever printed in old 'New-Brunswick Collection,' and the 'Shumway,' and the sweetest melodies that Thomas Hastings ever composed. I think that every pillar in the Somerville and Boundbrook churches knew his happy voice. He took the pitch of sacred song on Sabbath morning, and lost it not through all the week. I have heard him sing ploughing amid the aggravations of a 'new ground,' even while serving writs, examining deeds, going to arrest criminals, in the house and by the way, at the barn and in the street.

When the church choir would break down, everybody looked around to see if he were not ready with 'Woodstock,' 'Mount Pisgah,' or 'Uxbridge.' And when all his familiar tunes failed to express the joy of his soul, he would take up his own pen, draw five long lines across the sheet, put in the notes, and then, to the tune that he called 'Boundbrook,' begin to sing—

As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His strength revives, if 'cross the plains,
He eyes his home, though distant still.

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

'Tis there,' he says, 'I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
There I shall bid my cares farewell,
, And he shall wipe my tears away.'

But few families fall heir to so large a pile of well-studied note-books.

He was ready at proper times for all kinds of innocent amusement. He often felt a merriment that not only touched the lips, but played upon every fibre of the body, and rolled down into the very depths of his soul with long reverberations. No one that ever I knew understood more fully the science of a good laugh. He was not only quick to recognize hilarity when created by others, but was always ready to do his share towards making it. Before extreme old age, he could outrun and outleap any of his children. He did not hide his satisfaction at having out-walked some one who boasted of his pedestrianism, or at having been able to swing the scythe after all the rest of the harvesters had dropped from exhaustion : or having, in legislative hall, tripped up some villainous scheme for robbing the public treasury.

We never had our ears boxed, as some children I wot of, for the sin of being happy. In long winter nights, it was hard to tell who enjoyed sportfulness the better—the children who romped on the floor, or the parents who, with lighted countenance, looked at them. Great indulgence and leniency characterized his family rule, but the remembrance of at least one correction more emphatic than pleasing proves that he was not like Eli of old, who had wayward sons, and restrained them not. In the multitude of his witticisms there were no flings at religion, no caricatures of good men, no trifling with the things of eternity. His laughter was not the ‘crackling

of thorns under a pot,' but the merry heart that doeth good like a medicine. For this all the children in the community knew him; and to the last day of his walking out, when they saw him coming down the lane, shouted: 'Here comes grandfather!' No gall, no acerbity, no hypercriticism. If there was a bright side to anything, he always saw it; and his name, in all the places where he dwelt, will long be a synonyme for exhilaration of spirit.

But whence this cheerfulness? Some might ascribe it all to natural disposition. No doubt there is such a thing as sunshine of temperament. God gives more brightness to the almond-tree than to the cypress. While the pool putrefies under the summer sun, God slips the rill off the rocks with a frolicsomeness that fills the mountain with echo. No doubt constitutional structure had much to do with this cheerfulness. He had, by a life of sobriety, preserved his freshness and vigour. You know that good habits are better than speaking-tubes to the ear; better than a staff to the hand; better than lozenges to the throat; better than warm baths to the feet; better than bitters for the stomach. His lips had not been polluted, nor his brain befogged, by the fumes of the noxious weed that has sapped the life of whole generations, sending even ministers of the Gospel to untimely graves, over which the tombstone declared, 'Sacrificed by over-work in the Lord's vineyard;' when, if the marble had not lied, it would have said: 'Killed by villainous tobacco!' He abhorred anything that could intoxicate, being

among the first in this country to join the crusade against alcoholic beverage. When urged, during a severe sickness, to take some stimulus, he said: 'No! if I am to die, let me die sober!' The swill of the brewery had never been poured around the roots of this thrifty almond. To the last week of his life his ear could catch a child's whisper, and at fourscore years his eyes refused spectacles, although he would sometimes have to hold the book off on the other side of the light, as octogenarians are wont to do. No trembling of the hands, no rheum in the eyes, no knocking together of the knees, no hobbling on crutches with what polite society terms rheumatism in the feet, but what everybody knows is nothing but gout. Death came, not to fell the gnarled trunk of a tree worm-eaten and lightning-blasted, but to hew down a Lebanon cedar, whose fall made the mountains tremble and the heavens ring. But physical health could not account for half of this sunshine.

Seventy-eight years ago a coal from the heavenly altar had kindled a light that shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Let Almighty grace for nearly three-quarters of a century triumph in a man's soul, and do you wonder that he is happy? For twice the length of your life and mine he had sat in the bower of the promises, plucking the round, ripe clusters of Eshcol. While others bit their tongue for thirst, he stood at the wells of salvation, and put his lips to the bucket that came up dripping with the fresh, cool, sparkling waters of

eternal life. This joy was not that which breaks in the bursting bubble of the champagne glass, or that which is thrown out with the orange-peelings of a midnight bacchanalia, but the joy which, planted by a Saviour's pardoning grace, mounts up higher and higher, till it rolls forth in the acclaim of the hundred and forty and four thousand who have broken their last chain and wept their last sorrow. O mighty God! How deep, how wide, how high the joy Thou kindest in the heart of the believer!

Let not his cheerfulness give you the idea that he never had trouble. But few men have so serious and overwhelming a life-struggle. He went out into the world without means, and with no educational opportunity, save that which was afforded him, in the winter months, in an old, dilapidated school-house, from instructors whose chief work was to collect their own salary. Instead of postponing the marriage relation, as modern society compels a young man to postpone it, until he can earn a fortune, and be able, at commencement of the conjugal relation, to keep a companion like the lilies of the field, that toil not nor spin, though Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—he chose an early alliance with one who would not only be able to enjoy the success of life, but who would with her own willing hands help to achieve it. And so, while father ploughed the fields, and threshed the wheat, and broke the flax, and husked the corn, my mother stood for Solomon's portraiture when he said: 'She riseth also while it is yet night, and

giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' So that the limited estate of the New Jersey farmer never foundered on millinery establishments and confectionery shops. And though we were some years of age before we heard the trill of a piano, we knew well all about the song of 'The Spinning Wheel.' There were no lords, or baronets, or princes in our ancestral line. None wore stars, cockade, or crest. There was once a family coat of arms, but we were none of us wise enough to tell its meaning. Do our best, we cannot find anything about our fore-runners, except that they behaved well, came over from Wales or Holland a good while ago, and died when their time came. Some of them may have had fine equipage and caparisoned postilion, but the most of them were sure only of *footmen*!

My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honour that no one could despise: he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. What is House of Hapsburg, or Stuart, compared with the honour of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands, and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family.

Nothing but faith in God upheld him. His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had its manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to his last dollar; but right *behind* that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of His disciples a warrant deed for the whole universe in the words, 'All are yours.'

The path that led him through financial straits prepared him also for sore bereavements. The infant of days was smitten, and he laid it into the river of death with as much confidence as infant Moses was laid into the ark of the Nile, knowing that soon from the royal palace a shining one would come to fetch it.

In an island of the sea, among strangers, almost unattended, death came to a beloved son; and though I remember the darkness that dropped on the household when the black-sealed letter was opened, I remember also the utterances of Christian submission.

Another, bearing his own name, just on the threshold of manhood, his heart beating high with hope, falls into the dust; but above the cries of early widowhood, and the desolation of that dark day, I hear the patriarch's prayer commending children and children's children to the Divine sympathy.

But a deeper shadow fell across the old homestead. The 'golden wedding' had been celebrated nine years before. My mother looked up, pushed back her spectacles, and said: 'Just think of it, father! We have been together fifty-nine years!' The twain stood together like two trees of the forest with interlocked branches. Their affections had taken deep root together in many a kindred grave. Side by side, in life's great battle, they had fought the good fight and won the day. But death comes to unjoint this alliance. God will not any longer let her suffer mortal ailments. The reward of righteousness is ready, and it must be *paid*. But what tearing apart! What rending up! What will the aged man do without this other to lean on? Who can so well understand how to sympathize and counsel? What voice so cheering as hers to conduct him down the steep of old age? My mother's death! 'Oh!' she said, in her last moments, 'father, if you and I could only go together, how pleasant it would be!' But the hush of death came down one autumnal afternoon, and, for the first time in all my life, on my arrival home, I received no maternal greeting, no answer of the lips, no pressure of the hand. God had taken her.

In this overwhelming shock the patriarch stood confident, reciting the promises and attesting the Divine goodness. Oh! sirs, that was Faith, Faith! 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!'

He had not retired from the field. He had been busy so long, you could not expect him idle now.

The faith I have described was not an idle expectation that sits with its hands in its pockets idly waiting, but a feeling which gathers up all the resources of the soul, and hurls them upon one grand design. He was among the first who toiled in Sabbath Schools, and never failed to speak the praise of these institutions. No storm or darkness ever kept him away from prayer-meeting. In the neighbourhood where he lived, for years he held a devotional meeting. Oftentimes the only praying man present, before a handful of attendants, he would give out the hymn, read the lines, conduct the music, and pray. Then read the Scriptures, and pray again. Then lead forth in the Doxology with an enthusiasm as if there were a thousand people present, and all the church members had been doing their duty. He went forth visiting the sick, burying the dead, collecting alms for the poor, inviting the ministers of religion to his household, in which there was, as in the house of Shunem, a little room over the wall, with bed and candlestick for any passing Elisha. He never shuddered at the sight of a subscription paper, and not a single great cause of benevolence has arisen within the last half century which he did not bless with his beneficence. Oh! this was not a barren almond-tree that blossomed. His charity was not like the bursting of the bud of a famous tree in the South, that fills the whole forest with its racket; nor was it a clumsy thing like the fruit, in some tropical clime, that crashes down, almost knocking the life out of those who gather it; for in his case the right hand

knew not what the left hand did. The churches of God, in whose service he toiled, have arisen as one man to declare his faithfulness and to mourn their loss. He stood in the front of the holy war, and the courage which never trembled or winced in the presence of temporal danger induced him to dare all things for God. In church matters, he was not afraid to be shot at. Ordained, not by the laying on of human hands, but by the imposition of a Saviour's love, he preached by his life in official position, and legislative hall, and commercial circles, a practical Christianity. He showed that there was such a thing as honesty in politics. He slandered no party, stuffed no ballot-box, forged no naturalization papers, intoxicated no voters, told no lies, surrendered no principle, countenanced no demagogism. He called things by their right names; and what others styled prevarication, exaggeration, mis-statement, or hyperbole, he called a *lie*. Though he was far from being undecided in his views, and never professed neutrality, or had any consort with those miserable men who boast how well they can walk on both sides of a dividing-line and be on neither, yet even in the excitements of election canvass, when his name was hotly discussed in public journals, I do not think his integrity was ever assaulted. Starting every morning with a chapter of the Bible, and his whole family around him on their knees, he forgot not, in the excitements of the world, that he had a God to serve and a heaven to win. The morning prayer came up on one side of the day, and the evening prayer on the

other side, and joined each other in an arch above his head, under the shadow of which he walked all the day. The Sabbath worship extended into Monday's conversation, and Tuesday's bargain, and Wednesday's mirthfulness, and Thursday's controversy, and Friday's sociality, and Saturday's calculation.

Through how many thrilling scenes he had passed! He stood at Morristown, in the choir that chanted when George Washington was buried. Talked with young men whose grandfathers he had held on his knee. Watched the progress of John Adam's administration. Denounced, at the time, Aaron Burr's infamy. Heard the guns that celebrated the New Orleans victory. Voted against Jackson; but lived long enough to wish we had one just like him. Remembered when the first steamer struck the North River with its wheel-buckets. Flushed with excitement in the time of National Banks and Sub-Treasury. Was startled at the birth of telegraphy. Saw the United States grow from a speck on the world's map, till all nations dip their flag at our passing merchantmen, and our 'National Airs' have been heard on the steeps of the Himalayas. Was born while the revolutionary cannon were coming home from Yorktown, and lived to hear the tramp of troops returning from the war of the Great Rebellion. Lived to speak the names of eighty children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. Nearly all his contemporaries gone. Aged Wilberforce said that sailors drink to 'friends astern' until half way over the sea, and then drink to 'friends ahead.' With

him it had a long time been 'friends ahead.' So also with my father. Long and varied pilgrimage. Nothing but sovereign grace could have kept him true, earnest, useful, and Christian through so many exciting scenes.

He worked unweariedly from the sunrise of youth to the sunset of old age, and then in the nightfall of death, lighted by the starry promises, went home, taking his sheaves with him. Mounting from earthly to heavenly service, I doubt not there were a great multitude that thronged heaven's gate to hail him into the skies—those whose sorrows he had appeased, whose burdens he had lifted, whose guilty souls he had pointed to a pardoning God, whose dying moments he had cheered, whose ascending spirits he had helped up on wings of sacred music. I should like to have heard that long, loud, triumphant shout of heaven's welcome. I think that the harps throbbed with another thrill, and the hills quaked with a mightier hallelujah. Hail! ransomed soul! Thy race run—thy toil ended! Hail to the coronation!

Now, after such a life, what sort of death would you have expected? Will God conduct a voyager through so many storms, and then let him get shipwrecked coming up the harbour? Not such an one is my God and Saviour. The telegraph thrilled with tidings, north, south, east, west, that brought, in the rushing rail-train, his kindred together. The hour for which this aged servant of God had waited patiently had come, and he rejoiced with a joy at

which the tongue faltered. There was no turning from side to side on the pillow, as if looking for escape from grim pursuers, but gazing up and around, as if looking out for the chariot of King Jesus. The prayer which the older sons had heard him make fifty years ago, asking that at last he might have 'nothing to do but die,' was literally answered. All his children, save that one which he sent forth with his blessing a few months ago, in the good ship 'Surprise,' to proclaim the glories of the Messiah on the other side of the earth, were present—some to pray; some to hold his hand; some to bathe his brow. All to watch, and wait, and weep, and rejoice. He asked about my children. Talked about the past. Expressed his anticipations of the future. Slept sweetly as a child ever slept in the arms of its mother. Then broke forth with the utterance: 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!' The Bible that he had studied for so many years, now cast its light far on into the valley, until the very gate of heaven flashed upon his vision. Some one quoted the passage, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Of whom I am the chief,' responded the dying Christian. We said, 'To live is Christ.' He answered, 'To die is gain;' and, lest we did not understand him, he repeated, 'To die is gain!' And, as if the vision grew more enrapturing, he continued to say, 'To die is gain!' Ministers of the Gospel came in, and, after the usual greeting, he said, 'Pray, Pray.'

We sang some of his favourite hymns, such as:—

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

He would seem almost to stop breathing in order to listen, and then at the close would signify that he remembered the old tune right well. He said: 'I shall be gone soon, but not too soon.' Some one quoted: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' And he replied: 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' 'Can you testify of God's faithfulness?' said another. He answered: 'Yes! I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' He said: 'I have it good; I could not have it any better; I feel well; all is well.' Again, and again, and again, he repeated: 'All is well!' Then lifting his hand, exclaimed: 'Peace! Peace!'

On the morning of October 27, 1871, just three years from the day when the soul of his companion sped into the heavens, it was evident that the last moment had come. Softly the news came to all the sleepers in the house, and the quick glance of lights from room to room signalled the coming of the death-angel. We took out our watches and said, 'Four o'clock and fifteen minutes!' The pulse fluttered, as a tree-branch lifts and falls at the motion of a bird's wing about to cleave its way into

the heavens. No quick start of pain; no glassy stare; but eyelid lightly closed, and calm lip, and white blossoms of the almond-tree. From the stand we turned over the old timepiece that he had carried so long, and which he thought always went right, and announced 'Just four o'clock and twenty minutes!' The tides of the cold river rising. Felt the wrist, but no pulse; the temples, but no stir; the heart, but no action. We listened, but heard nothing. Still! Still! The gates of the earthly prison-house silently open, wider, and wider. Free! Clear the way for the conquering spirit! Shout upward the tidings! Four o'clock and thirty minutes! Without a groan or a sigh, he had passed upward into light. 'And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.'

The day for burial came. An autumnal Sabbath was let down clear from heaven. At the first gush of the dawn we said: 'This is just the day in which for a Christian to be buried!' Fading leaf, indeed, under foot told of the decaying body, but streaming sunshine spoke of resurrection joy. They came tottering on their staff—old comrades who, in 1812, had marched beside him, drilling in the field, ready for heroic strife. They came—the poor whose rent he had paid to keep their children from the blasts of winter. They came—the erring men whom he had bailed out of prison. They came—the children who had watched his step, and played with his cane,

and had often wondered what new attraction grandfather would unfold from his deep pockets. They came—the ministers of religion who had sat with him in church courts, and planned for the advancement of religion.

Passing along the roads where he had often gone, and by the birthplace of most of his children, we laid him down to rest, just as the sun was setting in the country graveyard, close beside her with whom for more than half a century he had walked, and prayed, and sung, and counselled. It seemed as if she must speak a greeting. But no voice broke the sod, no whisper ran through the grass, no word of recognition was uttered. Side by side Jacob and Rachel were buried. Let one willow over-arch their graves. Instead of two marble slabs, as though these of whom we speak were twain, let there be but a single shaft, for they were one. Monument not pretentious, but plain, for they were old-fashioned people. On one side the marble set the date of their coming and going. On this side the name of David—the husband and father. On that third side the name of Catherine—the wife and mother. Then there will be but one side unchiselled. How shall we mark it? With story of Christian zeal and self-sacrifice for God? No! Father and mother would shake their heads if they were awake to read it. This rather let it be: ‘The morning cometh.’—Isaiah xxi. 12.

Henceforth we shall be orphans. Sad thing, even at manhood, to become fatherless and motherless. No one but God can make up for the loss of a father’s

counsel and a mother's tenderness. Hope thou in God! Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of the glorious ending of all earthly trial when he said: 'Just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.'"

CHAPTER II.

MY BOYHOOD.

"THE Old Cradle! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The crackle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three *encores* grudgefully thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone, that sings to me yet across forty years.

You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I

do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going, it kept on for years.

Scarlet-fever came in at the door, and we all had it; and oh how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very, sick; and with him in the cradle it was 'Rock!' 'Rock!' 'Rock!' But one day, just as long ago as I can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep, there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbours came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: 'Bye! bye! bye!' which meant more than '*Il Trovatore*,' rendered by opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding, to show how well they understood Italian.

There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But our infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over us. Other women sometimes looked in at the child, and said, 'That child's hair will be red!' or, 'What

a peculiar chin !' or, 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although we were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct we knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face ! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After forty-seven years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories ! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs ! Cradle that kindled so many hopes ! Cradle that rested so many fatigues !"

PRAYERS IN BOYHOOD.

"I had many sound thrashings when I was *a boy* (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child, and my parents let me off), but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying."

LEAP-FROG.

"THE funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a-laughing now as I think of it so that I can hardly write, is 'leap-frog.' It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over and puts his hands down on his knees, and it is so perilous to the boy who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted to leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part and we went down together. For this Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down a-purpose! But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a *missionary*. Indeed, if Jack will come this way, I will right the wrong of olden time by stooping down in my study and letting him spring over *me* as my children do.

Almost every autumn I see that old-time school-boy feat repeated. Mr. So-and-so says, 'You make me governor and I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street sweeper and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and then I will stoop down and let you jump over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you.'

BOYS' TROUBLES.

“We feel sorry for boys, because they are not exempt from troubles ; and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and still maintain gravity ; to see the minister’s wig getting twisted, and yet look devotional ; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter ; to see the young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people ; to have the deacon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune ; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the great toe, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench at school with eight or ten other boys, all able to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happen that makes all the rest snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. I remember well how a rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In my first ten years I suppressed enough giggles, smiles, chuckles, and yells to have ruined me for all time. I so often retired from the sitting-room when we had company, to the wood-shed, where my mirth would be no disturbance to anything but the ash-barrels, that I have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through with titter. I still feel the boy in my nature when ludicrous things happen, as when a city exquisite came into the prayer-meeting, whisk-

cane in hand, and fanciful eye-glass on, looked sublimely around on the audience as much as to say, 'I suppose you all see that I am here,' and then sat down where a chair had just before stood, but from which place the usher had inadvertently *removed* it. Had it not been for an extemporised cough and sneeze and active use of the pocket-handkerchief on my part, I should have been hopelessly ruined."

MY FIRST BOOTS.

"I have seen many days of joy, but I remember no such exhilaration as that felt by me on the day when I mounted my first pair of boots. To appreciate such an era in life, we must needs have been brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition. The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, I am trampled upon by comrades, and stuck with pins, and I walk with an air of apology for the fact that I am born at all. Robust school-fellows strike me across the cheek, and when I turn towards them, they cry, 'Who are you looking at?' or what is worse than any possible insult, is to have somebody chuck me under the chin, and call me 'Bub.' Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief.

But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy.

Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of *his* way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek, will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, I do not think that there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. I remember, with deep satisfaction, how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked my hat in the mud, and spat in my face, and torn my new coat, I felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of my new boots. That, however, was before I had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him 'Bub.' He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say: 'Clear the track for my boots!'

It was Sabbath-day when I broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when I laid hold of the straps at one end, and with my big brother pushing at the other the boot went on! I fear that I got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toes of my boots, and fell back. I trampled under my feet all good counsels. I had to repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, I

put too much stress upon leather. Though my purchase was so tight in the instep that, as soon as I got to the woods, I went limping on my way, I felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them ; but the original pair of which I tell spoke out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calf-skin."

OUR DENTIST.

"In boyhood, after my crying all night, laudanum and camphor and everything else having failed, father took me to the village doctor. The doctor led me to his back piazza, and I sat down on the step. Whether I was promised candy or a ride or a new pair of boots I do not remember, but suffice it to say the inducement did not seem adequate to pay for the sufferings proposed. The doctor brought out a long pair of forceps. There were in its very looks twists and grips and clutches that made the toothache instantly stop. Then I argued the uselessness of extraction, because it did not ache a bit! They did not allow me to finish the argument. I was never more logical in my life. I had laid down the two propositions of a syllogism. First, painless teeth ought not to be extracted ; secondly, this is a

painless tooth; but before I could draw the conclusion the doctor had begun to draw the tooth. I sitting on the step, and he standing back and above me, took my head between his knees, one knee tight against each ear. The memory of those knees will never fade away from me. They seemed to me the *ne plus ultra* of all knees. He had hard work to get into my mouth, for it was so full of exclamation, or what boys call 'holla,' a word so expressive that I never found its synonyme. But getting his hand on one side the unrestrained yell, and his turn-key on the other, he went in.

But at last the cold steel was laid aside the sore gums, and while I was clutching the doctor's arm, and biting his fingers as hard as I could, and kicking indiscriminately in all directions, and giving him a look as much as to say, 'Old fellow, if I live to get over this, won't I give it to you,' the doctor, with knees still more tightly braced, gave one resolute pull, and it seemed as if the roots of my neck had given way, and the jawbone had forsaken its socket, and everything, down to the last joint of the toe, had been dislocated, grubbed out, smashed, caved in, and annihilated with a general convulsion. The operation was successful. The dentist only did his duty, and has been for some years in the good place where teeth never ache and they never use forceps; but my memory of him is not ecstatic. I do not take him into my hope of future recognition. I can think of five hundred people whom we would rather meet than he."

SEEKING A GHOST.

“ I never met but one ghost in all my life. It was a very dark night, and I was seven years of age. There was a German cooper, who, on the outskirts of the village, had a shop. It was an interesting spot, and I frequented it. There was a congregation of barrels, kegs, casks and firkins, that excited my boyish admiration. There the old man stood, day after day, hammering away at his trade. He was fond of talk, and had his head full of all that was weird, mysterious and tragic. During the course of his life he had seen almost as many ghosts as firkins; had seen them in Germany, on the ocean, and in America.

One summer afternoon, perhaps having made an unusually lucrative bargain in hoop-poles, the tide of his discourse bore everything before it. I hung on his lips entranced. I noticed not that the shadows of the evening were gathering, nor remembered that we were a mile from home. He had wrought up my boyish imagination to the tip-top pitch. He had told me how doors opened when there was no hand on the latch, and the eyes of a face in a picture winked one windy night; and how intangible objects in white would glide across the room, and headless trunks ride past on phantom horses; and how boys on the way home at night were met by a sheeted form, that picked them up and carried them off, so that they never were heard of, their mother going around as disconsolate

as the woman in the 'Lost Heir,' crying 'Where's Billy?'

This last story roused me up to my whereabouts, and I felt I must go home. My hair, that usually stood on end, took the strictly perpendicular. My flesh crept with horror of the expedition homeward. My faith in everything solid had been shaken. I believed only in the subtile and in the intangible. What could a boy of seven years old depend upon if one of these headless horsemen might at any moment ride him down, or one of these sheeted creatures pick him up?

I started up the road barefooted. I was not impeded by any useless apparel. It took me no time to get under way. I felt that if I must perish, it would be well to get as near the doorsill of home as possible. I vowed that, if I was only spared this once to get home I would never again allow the night to catch me at the cooper's. The ground flew under my feet. No headless horseman could have kept up. Not a star was out. It was the blackness of darkness. I had made half the distance, and was in 'the hollow'—the most lonely and dangerous part of the way—and felt that in a minute more I might abate my speed, and take fuller breath. But, alas! no such good fortune awaited me. Suddenly my feet struck a monster—whether beastly, human, infernal, or supernatural, witch, ghost, demon, or headless horseman, I could not immediately tell. I fell prostrate, my hands passing over a hairy creature: and, as my head struck the ground, the monster rose up, throwing

my feet into the air. To this day it would have been a mystery, had not a fearful bellow revealed it as a cow, which had laid down to peaceful slumber in the road, not anticipating the terrible collision. She wasted no time, but started up the road. I having by experiment discovered which end of me was up, joined her in the race. I knew not but that it was the first instalment of disasters. And, therefore, away we went, cow and boy; but the cow beat. She came into town a hundred yards ahead. I have not got over it yet, that I let that cow beat. That was the first and last ghost I ever met."

MY FIRST AND LAST CIGAR.

"The time had come in our boyhood, which we thought demanded the capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor the smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipes on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, you may know how little chance there was for boyish cigar-puffing.

By some rare good-fortune, which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority, and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. My first ride on horseback,

though I fell off before I got to the barn, and my first pair of new boots (real squeakers), I had thought could never be surpassed in interest; but when I put the cigar to my lips, and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed, and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great, my temptation was never to want to leave it.

The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so I puffed away! Indeed, I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lessons say, *Omnia vincet labor*; which translated means, 'If you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.'

With these sentiments I passed down the village street and towards my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast trams driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself.

I sat down under the bridge, and began to re-

flect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of my money; but I was obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where I threw it, in case I felt better the next day.

Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that I state what kept me so late, and what was the matter with me. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. I had mustard-plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar. Being naturally reticent, I have never mentioned it until this time.

But how about my *last* cigar? It was three o'clock, Sabbath morning in my Western home. I had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time I wrote my sermons, and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. I thought I was getting the inspiration from above, but was getting much of it from beneath. My hand trembled along the line, and, strung up to the last tension of nerves, I finished my work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over, and although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to my excited system like the crack of a pistol. As I went down

the stairs their creaking made my hair stand on end. As I flung myself on a sleepless pillow, I resolved, God helping, that I had smoked my last cigar, and committed my last sin of night-study.

I kept my promise. With the same resolution went overboard coffee and tea. That night I was born into a new physical, mental, and moral life. Perhaps it may be better for some to smoke, and study nights, and take exciting temperance beverages; but I am persuaded that if thousands of people who now go moping, and nervous, and half exhausted through life, down with 'sick head-aches' and rasped by irritabilities, would try a good large dose of abstinence, they would thank God for this paragraph of personal experience, and make the world the same bright place I find it—a place so attractive that nothing short of heaven would be good enough to exchange for it.

The first cigar made me desperately sick; the throwing away of my last made me gloriously well. For the croaking of the midnight owl had ceased, and the time of the singing birds had come."

CHAPTER III.

ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

DR. TALMAGE's parents bestowed great care upon his early culture, but he was nevertheless a marvel of eccentricities from his earliest childhood. He was always remarkable for enthusiasm in mental labour, and for his devotion to all those branches of intellectual attainment for which he felt the greatest fondness. He passed through the University of New York, and graduated with distinction, especially in *belles lettres*. And on graduation day, when he delivered an address in Niblo's Gardens, he was received with immense applause, the majority of the audience rising to their feet. He openly professed religion at the age of eighteen years, but in his early manhood he adopted the legal profession. After a brief experience of the law, however, he entered the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and prepared for the ministry, deeply regretting the time which he considered as lost in pursuing his original choice. After his ordination, Dr. Talmage preached for three years at Belleville, N.J., three years at Syracuse, N.Y., and seven years at Philadelphia, labouring to the

great profit and prosperity of the congregation of which he was pastor. In his first pastorate at Belleville he became convinced of the necessity of making Jesus Christ the main pivot of his sermons as essential to success, and he has frequently declared that his success is mainly due to his having constantly preached "Christ and Him crucified."

BEGINS EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

"I entered the ministry with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week I wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. I did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. I was a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put me in the graveyard. I resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when I intended to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. I had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which I proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, and resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer at the back of the church, and the night I speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn.

Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Several brethren disposed to hang on to old customs declared that candles and oil were the only fit materials for lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as indicative of vanity on the part of the new-comers. They used oil in the ancient Temple, and it was that which ran down on Aaron's beard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting-house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them secretly praying—that the gas might go out.

With my ten-minute manuscript I went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on my forehead. I began my discourse, and every sentence gave me the feeling that I was one step nearer the gallows. I spoke very slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preachment of the brief manuscript I concluded that I had never been called to the ministry. I was in a hot bath of excitement. People noticed my trepidation, and supposed it was because I was afraid the gas would go out. Alas! My fear was that it would *not* go out. As I came towards the close of my brief I joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before I came to the last written line something would burst, and leave me in

the darkness. Indeed, I discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave me the hope that the brief which lay before me would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As I came to the sentence next to the last the lights fell down to half their size, and I could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from my vision. I said to myself, 'Why can't these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?' The wish was gratified. As I finished the last line of my brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. 'It is impossible to proceed,' I cried out; 'receive the benediction!'

I crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; I never before saw such handsome darkness. The odour of the escaping gas was to me like 'gales from Araby.' Did a frightened young man ever have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

But after I got home I saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got me out of that predicament, I resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thralldom was broken, I hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers! Paper is a non-conductor of Gospel electricity. If a man has a five-thousand-dollar bill

of goods to sell a customer, he does not go up to the purchaser and say, 'I have some remarks to make to you about these goods, but just wait till I get out my manuscript.' Before he got through reading the argument the customer would be in the next door, making purchases from another house.

What cowardice! Because a few critical hearers sit with lead-pencils out to mark down the inaccuracies of extemporaneousness, shall the pulpit cower? While the great congregation are ready to take the bread hot out of the oven, shall the minister be crippled in his work because the village doctor or lawyer sits carping before him? To please a few learned ninnies a thousand ministers sit writing sermons on Saturday night till near the break of day, their heads hot, their feet cold, and their nerves atwilt. Sermons born on Saturday night are apt to have the rickets. Instead of cramping our chests over writing-desks, and being the slaves of the pen, let us attend to our physical health, that we may have more pulpit independence.

Which thoughts came to me this week as I visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which, years ago, I laid the ten-minute manuscript, and I looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly. But I found it had been snowing since the time I lived there, and heads that then were black are white now, and some of the eyes which looked up to me that memorable night when the gasometer failed us, years ago, are closed now, and for them all earthly lights have gone it for ever."

HOW I TOOK EXERCISE.

“Soon after entering the ministry I was reading, one day, on the importance of physical exercise. The subject flashed upon me so overpoweringly that I resolved on a gymnasium in the garret of my country parsonage. I speedily extemporised such an institution, and with coat off and slippers on began exercise. I ran and jumped and swung and lifted and climbed and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears expressed for the demolition of the parsonage. But I dislike to stop after I have started in anything. So I kept on jerking away at the pulleys and walking the horizontal bars and bending over backward till my head touched the floor, and going through all the varieties of tumbling. The second day my exercise was excruciating, because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day I resigned for ever the duties of that particular gymnasium. I sat two days with my feet upon a pillow, in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. I doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly had been a damage to me. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, I had before me two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. I would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday had come, and I must preach. Getting to church was one of the most difficult enterprises I

ever conducted. I went early, for the pulpit was to be climbed, and I did not desire to excite the sympathy of the audience. There was no one in church but the sexton, and I waited till he went to ring the bell before I began to climb the sacred hill. The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step up I took sidewise, the second backward, the third by a strong pull on the bannisters. I then stopped to rest and wipe the perspiration from my brow, all flushed with the manly achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that I was half-way up, and that it would hurt me as much to go down as to go up, encouraged me in the work of ascent. But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule, and an indisposition on my part to create unseemly mirth in church, or to tempt anyone to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If I had that day taken the text nearest to my heart, it would have been Paul's advice to a young minister by the name of Timothy, 'Bodily exercise profiteth little.'

I learned by these experiences that anything overdone had better not be done at all. Gymnasiums are grand things; but let common sense dictate quantities and qualities, and do not allow the dumb-bells to drag down the shoulders, nor had you better hang by your feet to a ring till you get black in the face. Fencing is good; but do not be rough, nor

play with loafers. Pedestrianism is healthful; but do not forget that the road back is a little farther than the road out, though it may be the same road. Hunting is good, if you do not shoot sparrows, nor go to sleep on the edge of a marsh. Rowing is good, if you do not take a bottle in the boat, nor pull so hard that you get aneurismal trouble with the heart. When I forsook the fitful and extravagant use of gymnastics, and came to their gradual and intelligent use, I found them, next to religion, the best panacea for all earthly ills. I have put down all the burdens of the last twenty years at the door of the gymnasium, or hung them on the horizontal bars, or demolished them with the butt end of dumb-bells, or fastened them as so many Mazeppas to the wooden horse bounding off the precipices of forgetfulness. Let not, therefore, the wrenched muscles and swollen feet of the Belleville parsonage trip up anyone on his way to the gymnasium. Only do not take so much of anything at once that you cannot take any more of it again. Moderation is a big word, which it takes some of us a long time to learn how to spell."

CATCHING THE BAY MARE.

"It may be a lack of education on my part, but I confess to a dislike for horse-races. I never attended but three; the first in my boyhood, the second at a country fair, where I was deceived as to what would transpire, the third last Sabbath morning. I see my friends flush with indignation at this last admis-

sion ; but let them wait a moment before they launch their verdict.

My horse was in the pasture-field. It was almost time to start for church, and I needed the animal harnessed. The boy came in saying it was impossible to catch the bay mare, and calling for my assistance. I had on my best clothes, and did not feel like exposing myself to rough usage ; but I vaulted the fence with pail of water in hand, expecting to try the effect of rewards rather than punishments. The horse came out generously to meet me. I said to the boy, 'She is very tame. Strange you cannot catch her.' She came near enough to cautiously smell the pail, when she suddenly changed her mind, and with one wild snort dashed off to the other end of the field.

Whether she was not thirsty, or was critical of the manner of presentation, or had apprehensions of my motive, or was seized with desire for exercise in the open air, she gave us no chance to guess. I resolved upon more caution of advance and gentler voice, and so laboriously approached her ; for though a pail of water is light for a little way, it gets heavy after you have gone a considerable distance, though its contents be half spilled.

This time I succeeded in getting her nose inserted into the bright beverage. I called her by pet names, addressing her as 'Poor Dolly !' not wishing to suggest any pauperism by that term, but only sympathy for the sorrows of the brute creation, and told her that she was the finest horse that ever

was. It seemed to take well. Flattery always does—with horses.

I felt that the time had come for me to produce the rope halter, which with my left hand I had all the while kept secreted behind my back. I put it over her neck, when the beast wheeled, and I seized her by the point where the copy-books say we ought to take Time, namely, the forelock. But I had poor luck. I ceased all caressing tone, and changed the subjunctive mood for the imperative. There never was a greater divergence of sentiment than at that instant between myself and the bay mare. She pulled one way, I pulled the other. Turning her back upon me she ejaculated into the air two shining horse-shoes, both the shape of the letter O, the one interjection in contempt for the ministry, and the other in contempt for the press.

But catch the horse I must, for I was bound to be at church, though just then I did not feel at all devotional. I resolved, therefore, with the boy, to run her down; so, by way of making an animated start, I slung the pail at the horse's head, and put out on a Sunday morning horse-race. Every time she stood at the other end of the field waiting for me to come up. She trotted, galloped, and careered about me with an occasional neigh cheerfully given to encourage me in the pursuit. I was getting more and more unprepared in body, mind, and soul for the sanctuary. Meanwhile, quite a household audience lined the fence, the children and visitors shouting like excited Romans in an amphi-

theatre at a contest with wild beasts, and it was uncertain whether the audience was in sympathy with me or the bay mare.

At this unhappy juncture, she who some years ago took me for 'better or for worse' came to the rescue, finding me in the latter condition. She advanced to the field with a wash-basin full of water, offering that as sole inducement, and gave one call, when the horse went out to meet her, and under a hand, not half so strong as mine gripping the mane, the refractory beast was led to the manger.

Standing with my feet in the damp grass and my new clothes wet to a sop, I learned then and there how much depends on the way you do a thing. The proposition I made to the bay mare was far better than that offered by my companion; but mine failed and hers succeeded. Not the first nor the last time that a wash-basin has beaten a pail. So some of us go all through life clumsily coaxing and awkwardly pursuing things which we want to halter and control. We strain every nerve, only to find ourselves befooled and left far behind, while some Christian man or woman comes into the field, and by easy art captures that which evaded us.

I heard a good sermon that day, but it was not more impressive than the fatiguing lesson of the pasture-field, which taught us that not more depends upon the thing you do than upon the way you do it. The difference between the clean swath of that harvester in front of our house and the ragged work of his neighbour is in the way he swings the scythe,

and not in the scythe itself. There are ten men with one talent apiece who do more good than the one man with ten talents. A basin properly lifted may accomplish more than a pail unskilfully swung. A minister for an hour in his sermon endeavours to chase down those brutish in their habits, attempting to place them under the harness of Christian restraint, and perhaps miserably fails, when some gentle hand of sisterly or motherly affection laid upon the wayward one brings him safely in.

There is a knack in doing things. If all those who plough in State and Church had known how to hold the handles, and turn a straight furrow, and stop the team at the end of the field, the world would long ago have been ploughed into an Eden. What many people want is *gumption*—a word as yet undefined ; but if you do not know what it means, it is very certain you do not possess the quality it describes. We all need to follow Christian tact. The boys in the Baskinridge school-house laughed at William L. Dayton's impediment of speech, but that did not hinder him from afterwards making court-room and senate-chamber thrill under the spell of his words.

In my early home there was a vicious cat that would invade the milk-pans, and we, the boys, chased her with hoes and rakes, always hitting the place where she had been just before, till one day father came out with a plain stick of oven-wood, and with one little clip back of the ear, put an end to all of her nine lives. You see everything depends

upon the style of the stroke, and not upon the elaborateness of the weapon. The most valuable things you try to take will behave like the bay mare ; but what you cannot overcome by coarse persuasion, or reach at full run, you can catch with apostolic guile. Learn the first-rate art of doing secular or Christian work, and then it matters not whether your weapon be a basin or a pail."

BUYS A COW.

"I was spending my summers in the country, and must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen cows to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns, and no horns. But I marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell, lest some cattle-fancier feel insulted by what I say ; and if there is any grace that I pride myself on, it is prudence and a determination always to say smooth things. 'How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow?' cried the auctioneer. 'Seventy-five dollars,' shouted some one. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. 'One hundred and forty dollars,' shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold ; and not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed

him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving 'a note.' In utter defiance of everything I cried out, 'One hundred and fifty dollars!' 'Going at that,' said the auctioneer. 'Going at that! once! twice! three times! gone! Mr. Talmage has it.' It was one of the proudest moments of my life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girth, horns branching graceful as a tree-branch, full-uddered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

I hired two boys to drive her home, while I rode in a carriage. No sooner had I started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities, great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school-children, and by the time I got home we all felt as if we had been out all day on a fox-chase.

We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog, and ruin the patience of any minister. I had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard she was bound to see the sheriff. I coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbage, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

As a milker she was a failure. 'Mike,' who lived just back of our place, would come in at nights from his 'Kerry cow,' a scraggy runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it

cautiously lest it spilt over. But after our full-blooded had been in clover to her eyes all day, Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply enough to make two or three custards. I said, 'Bridget, you don't know how to milk. Let me try.' I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for the vendue, with one stroke of her back foot upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

She had, among other bad things, a morbid appetite. Notwithstanding I gave her the richest herbaceous diet, she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse-blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes-line, nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded.

Having read in our agricultural journal of cows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds, meat weight, we concluded to sell her to the butcher. I set a high price upon her and got it—that is, I took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the only successful chapter in my bovine experiences. The only taking-off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a speci-

men of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts.

My friend, never depend on high-breeds. Some of the most useless of cattle had ancestors spoken of in the 'Commentaries of Cæsar.' That Alderney whose grandfather used to graze on a lord's park in England may not be worth the grass she eats.

Do not depend too much on the high-sounding name of Durham or Devon. As with animals, so with men. Only one President ever had a President for a son. Let every cow make her own name, and every man achieve his own position. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. Many an Ayrshire and Hereford has had the hollow-horn and the foot-rot. Both man and animal are valuable in proportion as they are useful. 'Mike's' cow beat my full-blooded."

MY DOG IN TROUBLE.

"I sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of the back window towards the house of a neighbour. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbour to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbour, because on my side of the fence I had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while I had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbour never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them

on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbour will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say, that I had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse my sympathy.

On the wintry morning of which I speak my neighbour had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was my dismay to see that my dog Carlo, on whose early education I was expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! I hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down towards the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard me with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the encumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbour appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the afore-said untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbour and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and, pull-

ing mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property.

Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him.

Better moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he should be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat, all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surroundings, they plunge their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honour and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears.

Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at

our coming, nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment of which I have been the stenographer."

LESSONS FROM MY DOGS.

"I said when I lost Carlo, that I would never own another dog. We all sat around, like big children, crying about it; and what made the grief worse, we had no sympathizers. Our neighbours were glad of it, for he had not always done the fair thing with them. One of them had lost a chicken when it was stuffed and all ready for the pan, and suspicions were upon Carlo. I was the only counsel for the defendant; and while I had to acknowledge that the circumstantial evidence was against him, I proved his general character for integrity, and showed that the common and criminal law were on our side, Coke and Blackstone in our favour, and a long list of authorities and decisions: II. Revised Statutes, New York, 132, § 27; also, *Watch v. Towser*, Crompton and Meeson, p. 375; also, *State of New Jersey v. Sicem Blanchard*. When I made these citations, my neighbour and his wife, who were judges and jurors in the case, looked confounded; and so I followed up the advantage I had gained with the law maxim, *Non minus ex dolo quam ex culpa quisque hac lege tenetur*, which I found afterwards was the wrong Latin, but it had its desired effect, so that the jury did not agree, and Carlo escaped with his life; and on the way home, he went spinning round like a top, and punc-

tuating his glee with a semicolon made by both paws on my new clothes. Yet, notwithstanding all his predicaments and frailties, at his decease we resolved in our trouble that we would never own another dog. But this, like many other resolutions of our life, has been broken; and here is Nick, the Newfoundland, lying sprawling on the mat. He has a jaw set with strength, an eye mild, but indicative of the fact that he does not want too many familiarities from strangers; a nostril large enough to snuff a wild duck across the meadows, knows how to shake hands, and can talk with head, and ear, and tail, and—save an unreasonable antipathy to cats—is perfect, and always goes with me in my walk out of town.

He knows more than a great many people. Never do we take a walk, but the poodles, and rat-terriers, and the grizzly curs with stringy hair and damp nose, get after him. They tumble off the front door-step, and out of kennels, and assault him front and rear. I have several times said to him (not loud enough for Presbytery to hear), ‘Nick! why do you stand all this? Go at them!’ He never takes my advice. He lets them bark and snap, and passes on unprovokedly without a sniff or growl. He seems to say: ‘They are not worth minding. Let them bark. It pleases them, and don’t hurt me. I started out for a six mile tramp, and I cannot be diverted. Newfoundlands like me have a mission. My father pulled three drowning men to the beach, and my uncle on my mother’s side, saved a child from the snow. If you have anything brave, or good,

or great for me to do, just clap your hands and point out the work, and I will do it, but I cannot waste my time on rat-terriers.' If Nick had put that in *doggrel*, I think it would have read well. It was wise enough to become the *dogma* of a school. Men and women are more easily diverted from the straight course than is Nick. No useful people escape being barked at.

If these men go right on their way, they perform their mission and get their reward, but one-half of them stop and make attempt to silence the literary, political, and ecclesiastical curs that snap at them. Many an author has got a drop of printer's ink spattered in his eye, and collapsed. If a fool, no amount of newspaper or magazine puffery can set you up; and if you are useful, no amount of newspaper or magazine detraction can keep you down. For every position there are twenty aspirants; only one man can get it; forthwith the other nineteen are on the offensive. People are silly enough to think that they can build themselves up with the bricks they pull out of your wall. Pass on and leave them. What a waste of powder for a hunter to go into the wood to shoot black flies, or for a man of great work to notice infinitesimal assault. My Newfoundland would scorn to be seen making a drive at a black-and-tan terrier.

Lesson for dogs and men: Keep out of fights. If you see a church contest, or a company of unsanctified females overhauling each other's good name, until there is nothing left of them but a

broken hoop-skirt and one curl of back hair, you had better stand clear. Once go in, and your own character will be an invitation to their muzzles. Nick's long, clean ear was a temptation to all the dogs. You will have enough battles of your own, without getting a loan of conflicts at twenty per cent. a month. When Nick and I take a country walk, and pass a dog-fight, he comes close up by my side, and looks me in the eye with one long wipe of the tongue over his chops, as much as to say, 'Easier to get into a fight than to get out of it. Better jog along our own way;' and then I preach him a short sermon from Proverbs xxvi. 17, 'He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.'"

CHAPTER IV.

I VISIT ENGLAND.

"MY friend looked white as the wall, flung the 'London Times' half across the room, kicked one slipper into the air, and shouted, 'Talmage, where on earth did you come from?' as this summer I stepped into his English home. 'Just come over the ferry to dine with you,' I responded. After some explanation about the health of my family, which demanded a sea-voyage, and this necessitated my coming, we planned two or three excursions.

At eight o'clock in the morning we gathered in the parlour in the 'Red Horse Hotel' at Stratford-on-Avon. Two pictures of Washington Irving, the chair in which the father of American literature sat, and the table on which he wrote, immortalizing his visit to that hotel, adorn the room. From thence we sallied forth to see the clean, quaint village of Stratford. It was built just to have Shakespeare born in. We have not heard that there was anyone else ever born there, before or since. If, by any strange possibility, it could be proved that the great dramatist was born anywhere else, it would ruin

all the cab-drivers, guides, and hostelries of the place.

We went of course to the house where Shakespeare first appeared on the stage of life, and enacted the first act of his first play. Scene the first. Enter John Shakespeare, the father; Mrs. Shakespeare, the mother; and the old nurse, with young William.

A very plain house it is. Like the lark, which soars highest, but builds its nest lowest, so with genius; it has humble beginnings. I think ten thousand dollars would be a large appraisement for all the houses where the great poets were born. But all the world comes to this lowly dwelling. Walter Scott was glad to scratch his name on the window, and you may see it now. Charles Dickens, Edmund Kean, Albert Smith, Mark Lemon and Tennyson, so very sparing of their autographs, have left their signatures on the wall. There are the jambs of the old fire-place where the poet warmed himself and combed wool, and began to think for all time. Here is the chair in which he sat while presiding at the club, forming habits of drink which killed him at the last, his own life ending in a tragedy as terrible as any he ever wrote. *Exeunt* wine-bibbers, topers, grog-shop keepers, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and William Shakespeare. Here also is the letter which Richard Quiney sent to Shakespeare, asking to borrow 30*l*. I hope he did not lend it; for if he did, it was a dead loss.

We went to the church where the poet is buried. It dates back 700 years, but has been often restored.

It has many pictures, and is the sleeping-place of many distinguished dead; but one tomb within the chancel absorbs all the attention of the stranger. For hundreds of years the world has looked upon the unadorned stone lying flat over the dust of William Shakespeare, and read the epitaph written by himself:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Bleste be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Under such anathema the body has slept securely. A sexton once looked in at the bones, but did not dare touch them, lest his 'quietus should be made with a bare bodkin.'

From the church door we mounted our carriage; and crossing the Avon on a bridge which the Lord Mayor of London built 400 years ago, we started on one of the most memorable rides of my life. The country looked fresh and luxuriant from recent rains. The close-trimmed hedges, the sleek cattle, the snug cottages, the straggling villages with their historic inns, the castle from whose park Shakespeare stole the deer, the gate called 'Shakespeare's stile,' curious in the fact that it looks like ordinary bars of fence, but as you attempt to climb over, the whole thing gives way, and lets you fall flat, righting itself as soon as it is unburdened of you; the rabbits darting along the hedges, undisturbed, because it is unlawful, save for licensed hunters, to shoot, and then not on private property; the perfect weather,

the blue sky, the exhilarating breeze, the glorious elms and oaks by the way,—make it a day that will live when most other days are dead.

At two o'clock we came in sight of Kenilworth Castle. Oh, this is the place to stir the blood. It is the king of ruins. Warwick is nothing, Melrose is nothing, compared with it. A thousand great facts look out through the broken windows. Earls and kings and queens sit along the shattered sides of the banqueting-halls. The stairs are worn deep with the feet that have clambered them for eight hundred years. As a loving daughter arranges the dress of an old man, so every season throws a thick mantle of ivy over the mouldering wall. The roof that caught and echoed back the merriment of dead ages has perished. Time has struck his chisel into every inch of the structure.

By the payment of only threepence you find access to places where only the titled were once permitted to walk. You go in, and are overwhelmed with the thoughts of past glory and present decay. These halls were promenaded by Richard Cœur de Lion; in this chapel burned the tomb-lights over the grave of Geoffrey de Clinton; in these dungeons kings groaned; in these doorways duchesses fainted. Scene of gold, and silver, and scroll-work, and chiselled arch, and mosaic. Here were heard the carousals of the Round Table; from those very stables the caparisoned horses came prancing out for the tournament; through that gateway, strong, weak, heroic, mean, splendid Queen Elizabeth advanced to

the castle, while the waters of the lake gleamed under torch-lights, and the battlements were aflame with rockets ; and cornet, and hautboy, and trumpet poured out their music on the air ; and goddesses glided out from the groves to meet her ; and from turret to foundation Kenilworth trembled under a cannonade, and for seventeen days, at a cost of five thousand dollars a day, the festival was kept. Four hundred servants standing in costly livery ; sham battles between knights on horseback ; jugglers tumbling on the grass ; thirteen bears baited for the amusement of the guests ; three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer consumed ; till all Europe applauded, denounced, and stood amazed.

Where is the glory now ? What has become of the velvet ? Who wears the jewels ? Would Amy Robsart have longed to get into the castle had she known its coming ruin ? Where are those who were waited on, and those who waited ? What has become of Elizabeth the visitor, and Robert Dudley the visited ? Cromwell's men dashed upon the scene ; they drained the lakes ; they befouled the banquet-hall ; they turned the castle into a tomb, on whose scarred and riven sides ambition and cruelty and lust may well read their doom. ' So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord ; but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.' "

THOMAS CARLYLE.

" In *Chelsea*, a suburb of London, and on a narrow street, with not even a house in front, but, instead

thereof, a long range of brick wall, is the house of THOMAS CARLYLE. You go through a narrow hall and turn to the left, and are in the literary workshop where some of the strongest thunderbolts of the world have been forged. The two front windows have on them scant curtains of reddish calico, hung at the top of the lower sash, so as not to keep the sun from looking down, but to hinder the street from looking in.

The room has a lounge covered with the same material, and of construction such as you would find in the plainest house among the mountains. It looks as if it had been made by an author not accustomed to saw or hammer, and in the interstices of mental work. On the wall are a few woodcuts in plain frames or pinned against the wall; also a photograph of Mr. Carlyle taken one day, as his family told me, when he had a violent toothache and could attend to nothing else. It is his favourite picture, though it gives him a face more than ordinarily severe and troubled.

In long shelves, unpainted and unsheltered by glass or door, is the library of the world-renowned thinker. The books are worn, as though he had bought them to read. Many of them are uncommon books, the titles of which I never saw before. American literature is almost ignored, while Germany monopolizes many of the spaces. I noticed the absence of *theological* works, save those of Thomas Chalmers, whose name and genius he well-nigh worships. The carpets are old and worn and faded

—not, because he cannot afford better, but because he would have his home a perpetual protest against the world's sham. It is a place not calculated to give inspiration to a writer. No easy-chairs, no soft divans, no wealth of upholstery, but simply a place to *work* and *stay*. Never having heard a word about it, it was nevertheless just such a place as I expected."

WORKS OF ART.

"None can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We had seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked, and wrinkled, and dull, and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great-grandfather of the exhibitor got the heirloom from a Portuguese pedlar, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century, and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocia Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or die.

But I find in my diary this record :

June 30th, 1870, at two o'clock, P.M., in the NATIONAL GALLERY of Scotland, I first saw a 'Titian.'

July 9th, 1870, at ten minutes to three o'clock, in the National Gallery of ENGLAND, first saw a 'Murillo.'

It seemed to require a sacred subject to call out the genius of the old masters. On secular themes they often failed. They knew not, as do the moderns, how to pluck up a plant from the earth and make it live on canvas. Delmonico, for the adornment of a shoulder of bacon, with his knife cuts out of a red beet a rose more natural than the forget-me-not of old Sigismond Holbein, or the lily by Lo Spagna. Their battle pieces are a Cincinnati slaughter-house. Their Cupid scenes are merely a nursery of babies that rush out from the bath-tub into the hall before their mother has time to dress them. The masters failed with a fiddle, but shook the earth with a diapason. Give them a 'Crucifixion' or a 'Judgment,' and they triumph."

CHAPTER V.

MY RETURN TO AMERICA.

[In company with Dr. Talmage, on board the *Gallia* up the Channel, he remarked to us that they had recently passed the steam-ship *Greece*, in which vessel he once encountered, with seven hundred other souls on board, a terrific cyclone when returning home from England. His powerful description of that event, written at the time, we now present to our readers.—Ed.]

“The steamer *Greece* of the National Line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts: British and American ensigns. So may they ever float, and no red hand of war ever snatch either of them down! In the same prayer that we put up for our own national prosperity, we will send up the petition, ‘God save the Queen!’ We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodelled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously

out into the sea. The pilot was discharged ; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one week ago last night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails, or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh ! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on ! rolling on ! With finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom : ‘ Let all that come within this circle perish ! Brigantines, go down ! Clippers, go down ! Steamships, go down ! ’ And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port-holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, further and further, until at last it strikes the bottom ; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel ! Engineer, dead amid the extinguished furnaces ! Captain, dead in the gangway ! Passengers, dead in the cabin ! Buried in the great

cemetery of dead steamers, beside the *City of Boston*, the *Lexington*, the *President*, the *Cambria*—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin-doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute-guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table, getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: 'Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?' And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything de-

pended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink ; and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh ! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump, thump, thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said : ‘ *The screw is stopped !* ’ No ; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery, going thump, thump, thump. At three o’clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and *the skylights gave way !* The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us for ever. As the water rolled backward and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half-way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say : ‘ I shall never get home again ! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed ! I am launching now into eternity ! In two minutes I shall meet my God ! ’

There were about five hundred and fifty pas-

sengers in the steerage ; and as the waters rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh ! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship ! One woman with a child in her arms rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers, and cried : ‘ Do let me out ! I will help you ! do let me out ! I cannot die here ! ’ Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying : ‘ O blessed Mother ! keep us ! Have mercy on us ! ’ Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out : ‘ O God ! what shall I do ? what shall I do ? ’ The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was : ‘ Below ! all hands below ! ’ Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying : ‘ This ship is mine ! I have captured it ! Ha ! ha ! I will command it ! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now ! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel ! ’ There was a lull in the storm ; but only that it might gain additional fury.

Crash ! went the life-boat on one side. Crash ! went the life-boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and as with the heft of a thunder-bolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib-boom, studding-sail boom, and square-sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging : there were ropes of fire ; and there were masts of fire ; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. O my God ! let me never see anything like it again !

Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. ‘If I should give up,’ he said, ‘I do not know what would become of mother.’ There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, *it makes a very busy night*. All our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed unsatisfactory. I could only say : ‘Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That’s me ! Into Thy hands I commit myself, my wife, and children at home, the Tabernacle, the College—all the interests of Thy kingdom. It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of

shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory! Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port-holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave-cliff to wave-cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, *Hush!* They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire—‘The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea.’ The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw around about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendours of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel’s chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so, over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction; and the lips of earth and heaven met. As I came on

deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: ‘Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.’

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft; and here, a cloud rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung towards the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: ‘*Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!*’

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian’s life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world’s woe break into the splendours of eternal joy.

And so we came into the harbour. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the

crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. 'And so it came to pass, that we all escaped safe to land.'

To that God, who delivered me and my comrades, to that God, I commend you. Wait not for the storm and darkness, before you fly to Him. Go to Him now, and seek His pardon. Find refuge in His mercy.

And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale."

Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,

Home at last !

Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,

Home at last !

Glory to God ! All our dangers are o'er ;

We stand secure on the glorified shore.

Glory to God ! we will shout evermore.

Home at last !

Home at last !

CHAPTER VI.

*THE HISTORY OF THE BROOKLYN
TABERNACLE.*

THE church, which is popularly known as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, but whose corporate title is the Central Presbyterian Church, has a history which, as a specimen of remarkably and rapidly achieved success, has so many points of brilliancy that it is not to be wondered at that it has already filled a large place in the local historic records, in which have been noted the great achievements in church enterprises that form so distinguishing a characteristic of Brooklyn. This rapid and remarkable growth, however, relates exclusively to its present pastorate. Previous to that its advance was slow, and its career without remarkable incident. Like most of the churches of that city, it had its inception in a mission Sunday-school. This school was organized by certain members of the Second Presbyterian Church, then under the care of the Rev. J. S. Spencer. A leader in the movement was Mr. John R. Morris, the senior elder of the church just named. He was chosen its first superintendent on July 19, 1834, and the school was held in a building in Prince Street, and was

known as the Prince Street Mission. This enterprise was prosecuted amid many and various discouragements through a period of thirteen years. It culminated on April 13, 1849, when a church was organized with twenty-five members, under the corporate title of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. Worship was held in the Sunday-school room for some months. The congregation then purchased the building which, in 1833, had been erected for a church by S. A. Willoughby, Esq., at the corner of Willoughby and Pearl Streets, and which had been used by the Fifth Presbyterian Church. This building is now known as the Central Auction Sales Room. The Rev. Nathaniel C. Locke was installed as the first pastor of the new church, and under his ministrations about fifty persons were added to its membership. Mr. Locke withdrew in 1850, and was succeeded by the Rev. Calvin Edson Rockwell, D.D., who was installed February 13, 1851. After a lapse of two years, the congregation determined to erect a new house of worship. A sale of the Willoughby Street property was effected on January 24, 1853. In order to have a house of worship for immediate use, the congregation erected a temporary building, to which they gave the name of the Tabernacle. It was placed at the corner of State and Nevins Streets, and was opened for public worship April 3, 1853. The building of the permanent structure in Schermerhorn Street, near Nevins Street, which then took the name of the Central Presbyterian Church, and which is now known as the Lay College Building,

was begun, its corner-stone being laid November 4, 1853. As then completed, and as it stands to-day, it is a brick structure 99 by 62 feet. The main auditorium contains 144 pews on the ground floor and forty-two in the gallery. The edifice has a basement the full size of the building. Its front is decorated with a portico of the Grecian Doric order. Its cost was about 30,000 dollars. This edifice is now occupied by the present Tabernacle Congregation for the Sunday-school, the Lay College, prayer-meetings, church sociables, &c. For some time after the erection of this church considerable success attended the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Rockwell. In the winter of 1855 an extensive revival occurred, during which a large number were added to the membership. In the succeeding years a decline followed these successes. The great popularity and power of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, whose church was so near by, drew away numbers, and a want of interest began to tell sadly upon the condition of affairs in the Central Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Rockwell continued on until 1868, when he felt it to be his duty to resign. The church was without a minister for a year following, and during that time its members dwindled rapidly, until, it is said, only nineteen persons had the courage to make an effort to get a first-class minister and to resuscitate the church. Among those who did much to rouse the courage of this handful of faithful ones was Judge E. C. Converse, a gentleman of great faith, eloquence, and influence. He cast about him for a minister whose power as a

preacher and a worker would build up the church. Through connections and acquaintances in the city of Philadelphia, the attention of Judge Converse was drawn to the then already rising local fame of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, then pastor of the First Reformed Church of that city. Mr. Converse determined on a vigorous effort to obtain Dr. Talmage as the minister of the Central Presbyterian Church. It seemed like a forlorn hope that a pulpit orator, whose fame was already beginning to fill the land, would heed, much less accept, a call from a poor struggling church. Be the result what it might, Judge Converse felt that the needs of the Central Presbyterian Church demanded the highest effort, and, besides, he felt that the rising preacher could win a noble fame, and do as glorious a work in Brooklyn as anywhere else. Emboldened by the faithful Judge Converse, his associates commissioned him to be the bearer of a call to Dr. Talmage. It did not damp the ardour of his hopes to find when he reached the home of Dr. Talmage that four other calls, backed by great influence and power, were already ahead of that which he bore. One was from a leading church in San Francisco, another was from Boston, and another from Chicago, and H. M. Smith, the present editor-in-chief of the "Union," was one of the committee from that city, who carried that call to Dr. Talmage. Now that that gentleman, whose mission at the time resulted only in keen disappointment, has, like Dr. Talmage, become a resident of Brooklyn, and identified with its material and re-

ligious interests, he is no doubt abundantly satisfied with the choice of the calls then made. Dr. Talmage has told to a few friends what a struggle of contending influences was produced in his mind by the presentation of those five calls, and the beseeching cry not to leave them set up by the church, in the midst of which he was so happily situated, and by which he was so greatly beloved. After repeated prayer for three days, he decided in favour of Brooklyn.

The moment he made and announced his decision, his mind grew at ease, and though many of his congregation came to him with tears in their eyes to induce him to change his determination, he never wavered, as he saw his way clear. His first sermon under his present pastorate was preached on March 7, 1869, from the text, "God is love." His fame as a preacher had preceded him to [Brooklyn, and from the very first every service he conducted was largely attended. Before the close of his first year the church saw that it would be necessary to construct a larger building to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear him. The work of building a new edifice was begun in June of the following year, 1870, and completed in three months. This rapidity of construction was due to a remarkable peculiarity of design from an original plan made and elaborated by Dr. Talmage himself. The principal idea was that of a half-circle auditorium, with the platform placed midway between the two ends of the arc connecting the extremes of the semi-circle, and the passage-

ways or aisles radiating out from the platform, and the floor rising from the platform outwardly. The construction of the building was also unique and peculiar. A rough wooden frame formed the exterior outline of the building. This frame was enclosed by strips of corrugated sheet-iron so lapped as to form a continuous covering. The frame being covered in this way, both on the inside and the outside, gave to the structure the appearance of one half of an iron cylinder set on end. The roof over the structure was supported by a series of eight pillars extending in semi-circular form along a radius drawn parallel to the outer radius, and about half-way from the platform to the main entrances. The organ, a splendid one, by Hook of Boston, who built the Plymouth Church organ—was, as in the present Tabernacle, placed at the back of the platform, and the organist's bank of keys and pedals were situated immediately in front of the platform.

This new style of church auditorium was not only original with Dr. Talmage, but it was revolutionary in character. It upset the whole previous theory of church architecture and church seating. The superior acoustic properties of buildings thus internally arranged, and the advantages they possess in the matter of obtaining a good view of the speaker, were soon rendered so apparent that the style has since become exceedingly and deservedly popular. Many new churches have since adopted this plan. Among them may be mentioned the Central Congregational (Rev. Dr. Scudder's), the Greenwood Baptist Church,

and the younger Dr. Tyng's Church, at Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, New York. A church is now being built at Toronto, which is a perfect *fac-simile* of the present Tabernacle.

The old Tabernacle had no gallery. It had seats for 2,900 persons, and by bringing in camp-stools 3,400 persons could be seated in it. During its construction Dr. Talmage was allowed leave of absence to visit Europe. He was escorted down the bay on the day of his departure by a large number of his congregation, and among the last sounds borne on his ears, as the escort-boat turned to go back to Brooklyn, were cheers for the Tabernacle, which the congregation had promised to have ready against his return. The congregation nobly redeemed their pledge; the old Tabernacle was completed early in September, 1870, and dedicated on Sunday, the 26th of the same month. The dedication sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage himself, in the presence of about four thousand people. Among the ministers who assisted on the occasion were the Rev. Messrs. Lockwood, Edward Eggleston, D.D., Callum, Butler, and Taylor. The text of the sermon was Luke xiv. 23, "Compel them to come in." From that time on, the history of the church was a constant series of successes. Many things about its edifice and its church management were regarded as experiments, and yet all of them had the happiest results. Beside the innovation of the church structure itself, Dr. Talmage set aside the practice of choir-singing, so much then in vogue, and insisted that all the Church-

music in the Tabernacle should be exclusively congregational. He also enunciated the principle of free pews, and carried it into practical effect.

THE OLD TABERNACLE ENLARGED.

During the following year the old Tabernacle was enlarged by an addition which increased its sitting capacity about five hundred. It was re-dedicated on Sunday, September 10, 1871.

The dedication sermon was preached by the venerable Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng; the Rev. Dr. Irenæus S. Prime, of the New York "Observer," and the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, assisted at the service. The Rev. B. I. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made an appeal for pecuniary aid, and succeeded in obtaining pledges of 16,000 dollars towards the removal of the debt. At that time the whole cost of the edifice, including the organ, was about 80,000 dollars, nearly all of which was paid, or pledged to be paid, by responsible members of the church. On a certain Saturday afternoon, a few days antecedent to Christmas of 1872, the church session met at the residence of Major B. R. Corwin, and having settled up the finances for the year, separated, congratulating themselves that they had passed through a series of glorious successes.

THE OLD TABERNACLE BURNED.

As the members of the Tabernacle congregation were preparing to assemble for worship on Sunday morning, December 22, 1872, they were

startled and saddened at finding their house enveloped in flames. At half-past ten, the time of commencing service, the building was falling in ruins before their eyes.

The fire broke out in less than an hour before, but so rapid was its progress that in thirty minutes the entire edifice was involved and doomed to destruction, despite the efforts of the firemen. The intelligence of the disaster spread rapidly over the city, and immediately expressions of sympathy flowed in from other churches to the houseless congregation. Ten of them offered their own edifices to the Tabernacle people for services in the afternoon and evening, including Plymouth Church, the Classon, Clinton and Lafayette Avenue churches, the Elm-place Congregational, the First and Second Presbyterian, two Baptists, and one Methodist church. The invitation of Mr. Beecher's church was accepted, and the congregation attended services there in the evening, the occasion drawing a crowded audience. The pastor, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, preached the sermon he had intended for the morning, alluding first, as follows, to the event of the day :—

“In the village where I once lived, on a cold night, there was a cry of fire. House after house was consumed. But there was in the village a large hospitable dwelling, and as soon as the people were burned out they came into this common centre. The good man of the house stood at the door and said, ‘Come in,’ and the little children, as they were brought to the door, some of them wrapped in

blankets and shawls, were taken up to bed, and the old people that came in from their consumed dwellings were seated around the fire. And the good man of the house told them that all would be well. This is a very cold day to be burned out. But we come into this hospitable home to-night, and gather around this great warm fire of Christian kindness and love, and it is good to be here. The Lord built the Tabernacle and the Lord let it burn down. Blessed be the name of the Lord! We don't feel like sitting down in discouragement, although the place was very dear. Our hearts there were filled with comfort, and to us, many a time, did Jesus appear—His face radiant as the sun. To-day, when Christian sympathy came in from Plymouth Church, and from ten other churches of the city, all offering their houses of worship to us, I must say I was deeply moved. Tell me not that there is no kindness between churches, or that there is no such thing as Christian brotherhood. Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!"

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE TO THE

"CHRISTIAN AGE," LONDON.

Our Free Tabernacle is in ruins. We do not feel as if our work is yet done. We want a place to preach and hear the old-fashioned gospel of pardon and help for all men, through Jesus. We have during the past two years built the Tabernacle and sustained the Lay College. Hence, we have no

financial strength left to meet this disaster. I ask the people, North, South, East, and West, who love the cause of God, to help us out of this misfortune.

We want large help, and we want it immediately.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

That the readers of the *Christian Age* promptly and generously responded to this appeal will be seen by the following letter:—

A LETTER FROM DR. TALMAGE

In acknowledgment of the contributions from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN AGE towards the erection of the New Tabernacle.

"Brooklyn, April 23rd, 1873.

"MY DEAR MR. DICKINSON,

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you, and the readers of the *Christian Age*, for the very handsome contribution just received from you towards the re-building of our Tabernacle. My congregation feel your kindness very much. Convey to all our transatlantic friends our thanks and love; and tell them if they ever have a big fire over there, to let us know.

"The re-building has already begun, and we shall have a church by the latter part of next September, very much larger than before—holding at least 2,000 more than our former Tabernacle.

"You ask for lectures, &c. If you desire to open a literary column for me, I will fill it for a year with articles somewhat secular, but all having a moral,

and most of them a religious bearing. I will send you, as the first instalment of articles, the *American* edition of 'Crumbs Swept Up;' one half of which have never been published in England. I will mark in the index those more appropriate; and, also, other sketches as I may prepare them, such as 'Sink or Swim'—an article which you published.

"We last night closed the year of our Tabernacle Free Lay College. We have six hundred students preparing for different kinds of Christian work. It has been a very prosperous year, and students have accomplished much good in their preaching stations. I will send you, with the next mail, my address at the close of the session. Within the last few weeks I have received many letters from England and Scotland, giving me encouraging accounts of how God is blessing my sermons and books to the comfort and salvation of men. Your *Christian Age* must go almost everywhere.

"The Lord prosper your printing press.

"Yours, &c.,

"T DE WITT TALMAGE."

THINGS NOT BURNED UP.

"The Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. On that day we gathered from our homes with our families, to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for His people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles, and warm hand-

shakings, and the triumphant song, and the large brotherhood, that characterized that blessed place; but coming to the doors, we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it, saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and, on that cold morning, the tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The platform on which it was my joy to stand with messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed, and wept and rejoiced; the altars around which you and your children were consecrated in baptism; the communion-table where we celebrated the Saviour's love—all that scene which to us was the shining gate of heaven, is gone! I will not hide the loss. If I ever forget the glorious Sabbaths we spent there, and the sweet reunions, and the mighty demonstrations of God's Spirit among the people, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my soul be left desolate! But we have not come here to sound a dirge. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Sorrows are loathsome things, but they are necessary. They are leeches that suck out the hot inflammation from the soul. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' I could cover up all this place with promises of hope and peace, and comfort and deliverance. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

... I am here to-night not to preach a formal sermon,

but to tell you of *some things that last Sabbath were not burned up.*

First, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed. You never greeted the members of our church with such cordiality as this week on the street, in cars, and on the ferries. You stood on no cold formalities. The people who, during the last two years sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears, as you said: 'Well, the old place is gone.' You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for two or three years around the same church fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned, and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbour, and want to disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery, and when this church sorrow started,

it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said: 'I expected from those altars to be buried;' and one of the children last Sabbath cried: 'I don't want the Tabernacle to burn, I have been there so many times.' You may remember that over the organ we had the words: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' That was our creed. Well, that is all burned down, but the sentiment is engraved with such durability in our soul that no earthly fire can scorch it, and the flames of the judgment-day will have no power to burn it.

Another thing that did not burn up is *the cross of Christ*. That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace one hundred and fifty-three feet front by one hundred deep. O Lord

Jesus ! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink ? Oh ! no, Jesus, we will drink it dry. But how it is changed ! Blessed Jesus, what hast Thou put into the cup to sweeten it ? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come down to-night, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation : ' Victory ! victory ! through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Bid every string awake.

I remark, again, that the *catholicity of the Christian churches has not been burned up*. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, we had but one church ; now we have twenty-five at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say : ' You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlours, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats.' Oh ! if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is

coming. It *has* come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn Street, last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God sing out on this Christmas air: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' I do not think the day is far distant when all the different branches of the Presbyterian Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Methodist Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Episcopal Church will be one. I do not know, but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all evangelical denominations in one organization; churches distinguished from each other, not by a variety of creeds, but difference of locality, as it was in the time of the Apostles. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So, I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of

locality and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charlestown, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople.

My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armour of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder, one Commander, one banner, one triumph.

The trumpet gives a martial strain :
Oh Israel ! gird thee for a fight ;
Arise, the combat to maintain,
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

I have to announce, also, among the things not burned up is *Heaven*. Fires may sweep through other cities—we heard the tolling of the bell as we came in to-night ; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets ; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister ! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying ? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher. He got into a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped, and said : ‘ Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and

things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.' And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro, and the excitement, I said to myself: 'I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.' I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I might be persuaded to go a little earlier; for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go to-night, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies. Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart-ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear, nor hear a sigh. They tell me of our friends who have left us and gone there, that their *faces* are radiant as the sun. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing-girl never wades through the December snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

See that light in the window? I wonder who set it there. 'Oh!' you say, 'my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window.' No, guess again: 'My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light

there.' No, guess again. You say: 'My darling little child that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window.' No, guess again. *Jesus* set it there, and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door, and go in to be at home for ever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me to put my foot on that door-sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill-top. O blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, 'Will it be?' You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God does not

stand on two legs nor a thousand legs. I am here to tell you that among the things not burned up is *our determination, in the strength and help of God, to go forward.*

You say: 'Where are you going to get the means?' Don't know. The building of the Tabernacle within two years, and then an enlargement, at great expense, within that same time, and the establishment and the maintenance of the Lay College, have taken most of our funds. Did I say just now that I did not know where the funds are to come from? I take that back. I do! I do! from the hearts of the Christian people, and the lovers of the cause of morality, all over this land. I am sure they will help us, and we shall go on, and the new structure shall rise. How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: 'There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet, you will spoil your clothes, you will drown yourselves. Whoever heard of getting through such a sea as that?' How did they get through it? Did they go back? No! Did they go to the right? No! Did they go to the left? No! They went *forward* in the strength of the Lord Almighty, and that is the way *we* mean to get through the Red Sea. Do you tell me that God is going to let the effort for the establishment of a free Christian church in Brooklyn fail? Why, on the dedication-day of our Tabernacle, I was not more confident and was not so happy as I am now. That building did its work. We wanted to support a free Christian church;

we did it, and got along pleasantly and successfully, and demonstrated the fact. The building is gone. The ninety-five souls received at the first communion in that building more than paid us for all the expenditure. We only put up the Tabernacle for *two years*. Do you know that? Here sits a member of the Board of Trustees right under me, and he remembers that when we built we said: 'We shall put it up for two years—it will be a temporary residence, and at the close of that time we will know how large a building we want, and what style of building we want.' But having put it up, we liked it so well, we concluded to stay there permanently. But God decided otherwise; and I take it as one of the providential indications of that fearful disaster that we are to build a larger church, and ask all the people to come in and be saved. You know how we were crowded, and pushed, and jammed in that building; and last summer some of us talked about an enlargement, but we found it impossible without changing the whole structure of the building. The difficulty now is gone; and if the people, North, South, East, and West, will help us, we shall build on a larger scale, and the hundreds and thousands who have wanted to be with us, but could not, shall have room for themselves and families, where they may come and be comforted in their sorrows, and by the grace of the Lord Jesus, find out the way to heaven. Do you tell me that the human voice cannot reach more people than we used to have there? It is a mistake. I have been wearing myself out for the last two years

in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.

The old iron-clad has gone down by a shot mid-ships. We will build next time of brick. The building shall be amphitheatrical in shape; it shall be very large; it shall be very plain. Whether the material will be any better than the one used in the old structure, I cannot say, for there are four things that God has demonstrated within a short time are not fire-proof. One is corrugated iron; witness the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Another is brick; witness the fire last week, in Centre-street, New York. Another is Joliot stone; witness Chicago. Another is Quincy granite; witness Boston. Why, when God rises up to burn anything, a stone wall is shavings. Hear that, O you men who are building on nothing but earthly foundations. The people will rise up, and all our friends, North, South, East, and West, who have been giving us their sympathies will translate their sympathies and their 'God bless you's' into 'greenbacks,' and next winter the people will cry out: 'The glory of the second temple is greater than the first.'

There was a king of olden time who prided himself on doing that which his people thought impossible; and it ought to be the joy of the Christian Church to accomplish that which the world thinks cannot be done.

But I want you to know that it will require more prayer than we have ever offered, and more hard work

than we have ever put forth. Mere skirmishing around the mercy-seat will not do. We have got to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We have got to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amid the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a few hundred dollars; they are at your disposal. I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual home. Come on, then! I will lead you. Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in mid-life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young men, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

Good-bye, Old Tabernacle! your career was short, but blessed; your ashes are precious in our sight. In

the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached! Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-bye Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1870!

But Welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built)! Your walls firmer; your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your gatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision. Burst on our souls, O day of our church's resurrection! By your altars, may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873!"

CHAPTER VII.

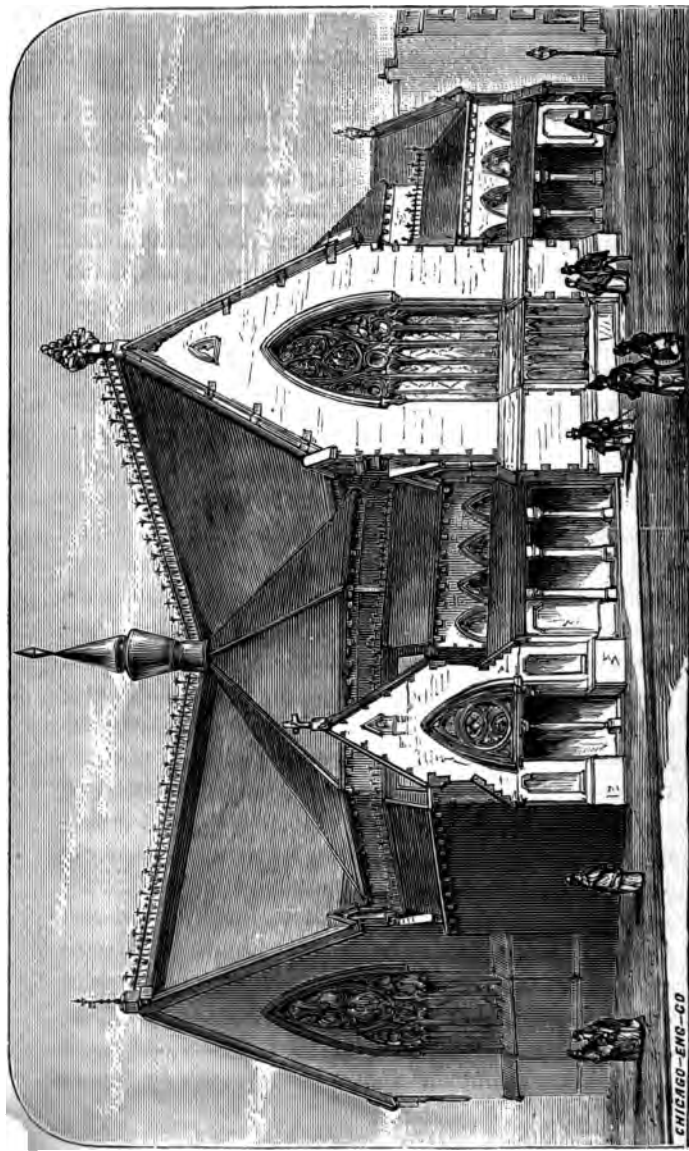
THE NEW TABERNACLE.

UNDISMAYED by the loss, while the smoke of the ruins was yet arising, measures were adopted for the erection of a new Tabernacle, and for raising funds for that purpose. The sympathy of the surrounding congregations was warm and hearty. The congregation sought a temporary home in the Academy of Music, and for fourteen months they worshipped there. The very first service was preceded by a prayer-meeting held in the directors' room of the Academy, followed by a general prayer-meeting at the close of the sermon. These prayer-meetings were prominent features of religious worship as conducted by Dr. Talmage during the time he occupied the Academy of Music, and are still continued.

Architect John Welsh was called upon to furnish plans for the new Tabernacle. He emphatically made it a labour of love, and set himself studiously to the task of evolving designs, which, while they carried out the main features of the old Tabernacle, would introduce many improvements. That he succeeded most admirably is the universal verdict of

all who have visited the new Tabernacle. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid June, 1873, in the presence of a great crowd of people. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Prime, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church; and the Rev. Dr. Ward, of the Congregational Church. The erection of the building was pushed with the utmost despatch, and the building committee received the hearty plaudits of the congregation for the energy and efficiency displayed by them in forwarding the work. It was completed and dedicated on February 22, 1874, in the presence of the largest congregation that ever assembled in the city. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D., chaplain of the United States Senate, on the text, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of hosts," Haggai ii. 9. The ministers who assisted at this service were the Rev. Dr. Duryea, Rev. Dr. Crooks, Rev. Dr. Dowling, Rev. Dr. French, Rev. Dr. Ball, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As on the occasion of the dedication of the former Tabernacle, the Rev. Dr. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made the appeal for pecuniary aid, and in response to their appeal some 40,000 dols. were pledged. The Brooklyn Tabernacle is the largest Protestant church in America. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a front on Schermerhorn Street of one hundred and fifty feet, while the length of the transverse section is one hundred and twelve feet. The lower floor furnishes sitting accommodation for thirty-one hun-

dred persons, and the gallery for fifteen hundred. About five hundred persons can be accommodated with camp chairs and standing-room. The gallery is supported by iron columns, and is reached by stairways from the front porches. Three beautiful arched windows, highly ornamented with stained glass, throw a flood of soft light upon the auditorium in the daytime. Three magnificent chandeliers and a series of bracket lights attached to the wall shed a blaze of brilliant light over the audience assembled in the evening. All these lights are simultaneously lighted by means of an electric apparatus. Among the valuable peculiarities of the building is its many entrances. There are twenty-two in all, and so ready and convenient that an audience of five thousand persons can pass out of the building in four minutes. Another remarkable peculiarity is its excellent ventilation. Perfectly uniform heat can be maintained, and at the same time complete purity of the atmosphere be preserved. It is regarded by the best judges in America as the most perfect audience-chamber on the continent, especially in regard to acoustic properties, and in affording advantage to every sitter to see the speaker, and in its means to preserve the purity of its internal atmosphere. The organ is the largest ever built by its makers, Jardine and Sons. Every conceivable improvement known to organ-builders at the time of its construction was incorporated into it. Among its novel features is the "Vox Humana," which is regarded as a nearer approach to the real human voice than anything which



THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

has been previously invented. Another novelty is the chime of bells ordered from London. Still another is the "song trumpet," whose clear tones have all the ring of a cornet. Under the touch of that master of harmonies, Professor George W. Morgan, aided by the voices of five thousand people, the church melodies of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have seldom been equalled in any place of Divine worship. The building, with the ground, cost 150,000 dollars (30,000*l.* sterling), and will accommodate 5,000 people.

DR. TALMAGE'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

"Standing before you this morning, preaching my sixth anniversary sermon as your pastor—a style of sermon in which the preacher is generally expected to be more than usually personal—I have to tell you that the burdens of life are getting to me less and less, and that as the years pass on I have fewer and still fewer anxieties. In beautiful Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic, where I began my Christian ministry, it seemed as if all the work came down on my young shoulders. Going to the West, the field was larger and the care less. Going to Philadelphia, the field was still larger and the care still less. And standing to-day, as I do, among hundreds of warm personal friends, whose hands and feet and hearts are all willing to help, I have less anxiety than I ever had. I have taken the advice of Jethro, and have gathered around me a great many with whom I expect to divide all the care and the responsi-

bility ; and though sometimes, what with the care of this church where we have a perpetual religious awakening, and the conducting of a religious weekly newspaper, and the conducting of the Lay College, people have often addressed me in words similar to those of the text : ‘Thou wilt surely wear away ; this thing is too heavy for thee,’ I am glad to tell you that this morning I am in perfect health and ready to recount to you what the Lord has been doing in all these days of our sojourn together, between 1869 and 1875.

It is now six years since I preached to you my opening sermon, on the text, ‘God is love.’ I wish I could pour out my soul this morning in a doxology of praise to God and of gratitude to this people. The difference between these years has been that the second was to me happier than the first, and the third than the second, and the fourth than the third, and the fifth than the fourth, and the sixth than the fifth. God has led us through many vicissitudes. We are in the third church in six years ; crowded out of the first, burned out of the second, by the mercy of God led into the third. We look back to the solitary service six years ago in the old chapel, with a congregation that almost could be accommodated on this platform. For many years the church had been in strife, until the three or four parties had exterminated each other, leaving an expanse of empty pews, a wheezy organ, a crammed-up pulpit, and a steeple the laughing-stock of the town. My personal friends applied to me an emphatic word of four letters,

and two letters alike, in expressing my folly in undertaking this enterprise. Indeed it seemed heavier than to start entirely new, for there were widespread prejudices in regard to the church. Still we went on. By the blessing of God in three or four weeks our church was filled, and it is astonishing how well an old building looks when it is all occupied, for there is no power in graceful arch, or in carved pillar, or in exquisite fresco to adorn a place like an audience of beaming countenances. I had rather preach in a full barn than in a sparsely attended cathedral. Empty pews are non-conductors of Gospel electricity. People came in from all ranks and conditions, and, in looking over the audience to-day, I cannot see more than four or five families who were with us six years ago. Some of them have been advanced into the better society of heaven, while some of them dropped off because they thought we were going too fast and they could not keep up. We went on gathering the people in from all ranks and conditions, until we have here to-day the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant ; those who toil with pen, with printing-press, with yardstick, and with hammer. Enough physicians—allopathic, homœopathic, hydro-pathic, and eclectic—to treat us in all our disorders. Enough lawyers to defend us in all our legal contests. Enough artists to cover our walls with pictures. Enough merchants to give us the necessary fabrics, whether foreign or domestic. Enough mechanics to build and polish, and make comfortable for us our residences. And I will say that never did there

come together in one church a crowd of more genial, intelligent, sympathetic, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted Christian people than those which assemble here. We are all of one mind and heart. We cordially greet all who come, and give a God-speed to those who go. When anybody does not like the music, or the preaching, or the plan on which our church is conducted, we say 'Good-bye' as cheerfully as when he came we said 'How do you do?' This church is now so large, that if a man wants to make trouble, such a small portion hear of it that he soon gives up the undertaking as a dead failure.

We are all now together. We tarried long enough in the old tabernacle to learn how to conduct a larger church. Then when it was time for us to graduate from that, we got our diploma in red scroll of flame, signed, sealed, and delivered on one cold December day, in 1872. When that conflagration took place, through inadequate insurance consequent upon the style of material of which the old building was constructed, we lost everything save our faith in God and our determination to go a-head. We tarried in the Academy of Music long enough to gather up hundreds of the best families of our congregation who are worshipping with us to-day, and to get a baptism of the Holy Ghost such as was never poured out on any church on this continent. We came into this building with the blessing of God, and with the blessing of all denominations of Christians in this land and in Great Britain; and since we have been here the Lord has mightily blessed us, pouring out

His Spirit from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that I can ask you, well knowing what your answer will be, whether you have made any too great sacrifices for Christ and His kingdom? During these six years the Lord has sorely tried us; in the first place, by calling us to build a church with a new congregation, that had not at all been consolidated; then by the demolition of that building; then by taking us a mile off from the centre of our congregation, to worship in another building; then by the almost superhuman effort of putting up this building during a financial depression such as never before afflicted this country. If God had not helped the architect, and helped the trustees, and helped the people, we should have perished in the undertaking; and while I wish to day to recognize the indomitable perseverance and sacrifices of the congregation, I must say to God belongs the glory. He planned this structure, making it perfect in acoustics; raising money for the building out of the very jaws of a national panic; filling the house with worshippers. O, let us praise Him now and let us praise Him for ever. I say you are not sorry for any of the sacrifices or toils through which you have gone. We have had so perpetually the blessing of God in this church that it excites no remark when from a single service hundreds of souls step out into the kingdom of Jesus. There are in almost all the towns and cities of this country those residents who in this building first woke up to their spiritual necessities. Letters come from north and south, and east and west, from the Canadas, and from

both sides the sea, telling me of this fact. O that to-day we might make some fitting expression to the Lord! Shall it be in carved words upon the pillars? Shall it be in wreaths upon the wall? Shall it be in the organ's open diapason? All that is well, but rather let it be that our hearts shall rise to God in an intense and all conquering acclamation of thanksgiving. We are trying here to maintain a well-balanced church, and for that reason we have in all departments of Christian service the old and the young. It is a bad thing for a church when the old people have all the management, or when the young people have all the management. In the one case the church will go on too slow, in the other it will go too fast. We want the fast men to keep the slow men from going too slow, and the slow men to keep the fast people from going too fast. Here are many of the aged. They have come down to us from another day. Not on their brow the snows of many winters, as people often say, but the white crocuses of an everlasting spring-time into which they are about to blossom. And how many of the young coming to us Sabbath by Sabbath! We want them all equipped for God. We want them for flying artillery in a double-quick march. When there is a storming party to be made up, we want to wheel them into line—old men for counsel, young men for action.

We are also trying to maintain a musical church. We have an inborn antipathy to anything like stilted and precise song in the House of God. We like oratorios, orchestras, concerts, and *prima donnas* in

their places; but we want vociferous singing in the house of the Lord. David cries out: 'Sing aloud unto God.' In other words, do not hum or mumble it. O for an anthem strong enough to surge the whole audience on the beach of heaven! Persuaded that we could not do the work so well by the use of a choir, we have called into the service of the church two Bible instruments—the organ and the cornet, and so the music of the church has been sustained, and led, and developed. O what grand and glorious singing we have had during the past years: even people who had bronchitis forgetting their infirmity, and lifting aloud their voice before God! people who could not sing a note opening their mouth, reckless as to what kind of a sound came out of it; but the little discord is overwhelmed in the great symphony—a chirp drowned in the great rush of waters. And yet we feel this morning that we have not done what we might, or ought, or will do, in this department of Christian service. We want more heart under it, more soul flung into it. We want the whole audience roused up to the sound of jubilee. We want the people to come from their homes on Sabbath with hymn-books, and after the preacher shall announce the hymn, we want them to find the right page and clear their throats, and at the first throb of the cornet on the air stretch themselves up to the magnificence and glory of this exercise. History tells us of a shout that the Persian host lifted so loud that the eagles that were flying through the air were stunned, and dropped to the earth. O

that there might go up such a congregational anthem from this house of the Lord as shall make all heaven drop in blessing on our souls! I take partly the words of the Bible, and partly my own words, and say: 'Why are ye so slack to go up and possess the orchards, and the vineyards, and the mountains of sacred song?' O that the music of heaven and earth might join midway the arches! Rise, O song of earth! Descend, O song of heaven!

Still further: we are trying to maintain in this place a church aggressive and revolutionary. Why build or maintain any other church in this city of churches, where there are enough to accommodate all the people who are disposed to go to the house of God on the Sabbath, and perhaps more than enough? If you have nothing particular, nothing unique, nothing different, then what a waste of bricks, and brawn, and brain. But we have an idea of a church. We have built this house of God as a place where we mean to bombard iniquity. We want to smash sin without any apology for smashing it. We have started in this line and we mean to keep on, and study to be as well pleased with curses as blessings from the people. If there are any of you who do not like to go to a church which is assaulted of many newspapers, and of the outside world, who cannot understand its policies and its principles, stand clear of this church! We mean until the day of our death, and for a few days after, to keep society stirred up by the discussion of themes vital to its interests, and vital to the interests of the

immortal soul. During the past six months theatrical people have been after us, and the Spiritualists have been after us, and the Unitarians have been after us, and the Universalists have been after us,—one of their prominent men recently saying that he did not think there would be any hell except for one man, and that the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle! But still we go on, as God gives us strength, and health, and spirit to do His will. We have only taken, as it were, the outside casement of this great rampart of iniquity. On! on! ‘If God be for us, *who* can be against us?’

Still further: we are trying here to maintain a generous church. We have as a church been able to do but little for outside charities, for the reason that we have been all the time building churches or enlarging them. But we are trying to maintain an **organism** on the voluntary principle. We believe that a church can be educated up to the duty and the joy of giving. We put no premium on financial meanness. We believe that people ought to give to the cause of God every farthing they can possibly give. Moreover, we believe that all can give something, and that the vast majority of the people could give more in our churches than they do, and be better off. We believe that the grandest investment a man ever makes for this world, or the world to come, is what he gives to the Church of God, since Christ pays him back five-fold, ten-fold, fifty-fold, a hundred-fold. In other words, we believe that a man is better off in this world if he is generous, and well

off just in proportion as he is generous; and we believe that those people who give the most in proportion to their means will after a while have the finest houses on earth, and the grandest mansions in heaven. The stingy people keep poor, the generous get rich, as a general rule. It is the old principle of the Bible: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.' So I believe if a man takes the old Bible principle, and gives one-tenth of all his income to the cause of God, he has an insurance of prosperity such as the signature of the Bank of England cannot give him. I believe our congregation will yet rise up to the positive rapture of giving. We believe that men can be so built on a large scale of heart, that they will look over their property, and then say: 'I will give so much towards my spiritual culture. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my wife. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my children. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of those who have little or no means. How small it seems this that I am giving to Christ who gave everything to me. I wish it were five hundred thousand times more.' Yes, we believe that the time will come when people will be so educated in this matter of Christian generosity, that instead of deciding by what other people give, or what people give in other churches, they shall give according to their own appreciation of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and infinity of their spiritual advantages. Do you not wish you had given that

three thousand dollars to the cause of Christ that went down in Northern Pacific Bonds?

I believe the time will come in the Church when the passing of a contribution plate or a subscription paper will kindle up the faces of the people as by the illumination of a great satisfaction. But now how many of us begrudge the few dollars we give to the Lord, and only give when we seem to be compelled to give, and so keep ourselves poor at the store and rob ourselves of eternal dividends. Under the old dispensation, as I intimated, the people gave one-tenth of their property to the Lord, but that was a far inferior dispensation to the one we have ; and yet how few in this day who receive a thousand dollars a year give a hundred to God ; how few who receive five thousand give five hundred to God ; how few who receive a hundred thousand give ten thousand to God. Those Jews, under their dark dispensation, gave one-tenth for a mere taper of spiritual life and light, while we do not give as much as that though we have noonday radiating the atmosphere. I really think that if those old Jews gave one-tenth for their half-and-half advantages, we ought to give one-fifth for the glorious privileges which God in this day has bestowed upon us. We talk a great deal about the evangelization of this world and the salvation of men ; but there is more talk than contribution, and I do not believe that the prayer of a man for the salvation of this world ever amounts to anything unless he by his own generosity shows that he is in earnest in the matter. I like the style of Elias Van

Bendeschatten, the old man who came into a meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in 1814, and after there had been a great many long and brilliant speeches made about the education of young men to the ministry, got up and said he would like to speak. The people looked chagrined. They thought to themselves: 'He can't speak.' He said, 'Mr. President, I will give eight hundred and forty dollars in cash towards that object, and thirteen thousand dollars in bonds.' And then sat down. While the theory is abroad in many of the churches that men give only as they are compelled to give, I believe that the people can be educated up to a grand and glorious voluntary contribution for the support of the Gospel of Jesus; but I cannot make the people believe this without your help. Remember the words of Jethro to his son-in-law. Come, let us all rally in this one respect and try partly to pay God for our Bibles, for our churches, for our families, for our hopes of heaven. If we do not carry out this principle, there will come up after awhile a stronger generation to execute this commission of Christ, and then they will look back and say: 'Ah, what a shrivelled-up minister and people that must have been in the Brooklyn Tabernacle in 1875! When the Lord opened before them an opportunity of carrying out a Gospel principle, they had not the courage to carry it out.' I do not expect to bother this world much after I go out of it, but I must start the suspicion that if ever the auctioneer's hammer cracks on the back of one of these pews, it will wake me up

quicker than the prophet Samuel was awakened by the Witch of Endor.

Still further: we are here trying to build and organize, and keep up a soul-saving church. I mention this last because it is first. 'And the first shall be last.' I have by argument, and illustration, and caricature in these last six years tried to create in your soul an unutterable disgust for much of the religion of this day, and to lead you back, so far as God gave me strength to do it, to the old religion of Jesus Christ and His apostles. I have tried to show you that the meanest cant in all the world is the cant of scepticism, and that you ought to stop apologizing for Christianity since it is the duty of those who do not believe in Christianity to apologize to you, and that the biggest villains in the universe are those who want to rob us of that grand old Bible, and that there is one idea in a church that ought to swallow up all other ideas, and that is the soul-saving idea. 'But,' you say: 'are you not going to pay any attention to those who have entered into the kingdom of God and have really become Christians?' My theory is, the way to develop a man for this world, and for the world to come, is to throw him chin deep in Christian work, and if after a man has been drawn out of the mire of his sin on to the 'Rock of Ages,' he wants to jump back, then he will have to jump; I am not going to stand and watch him! I believe the great work of the Christian Church is to bring men out of their sin into the hope and the joys of Christ's sal-

vation, and then if with all the advantages of this century, with open Bible and the constant plying of the Holy Ghost, a man cannot grow in grace, he is not worth a good deal of culture. We want this a church set apart for the one grand object of bringing men out of their sin into the hope of the Gospel. There will in this coming year be two hundred thousand strangers who will be seated within these gates. How many of them will you bring to Christ by your prayers and your personal solicitations? Will you bring a score, or will it be a hundred or a thousand? I must tell you that compared with this work of saving immortal souls all other work is cold, and stale, and insipid. To this one work, God helping me, I consecrate the remaining days and years of my life, and I ask you to join with me in this crusade for the redemption of immortal souls.

Now can it be possible that six years of my pastorate have passed away never to return? How many squandered days and years—squandered by you and by me. God forgive us for the past and help us to be more faithful for the future. Through what a variety of scenes we have gone! I have stood by you in times of sickness and by the graves of your dead. When you came back from exhausting sickness that we feared would be fatal, I praised God that the colour came back to your cheek and the spring to your step. And some of you in the past six years have passed through dire bereavements. How few of the families of my congregation have not been invaded! How many of the old

people have gone in the last two or three years! They went away so gently that they had ended the second or third stanza in eternal glory before you knew they were gone. And, oh, how many of the bright dear children have gone! The very darlings of your heart. You tried to hold on to them with your stout arms, and you said: 'O Lord, spare them. I can't give them up; I can't give them up. Let me keep them a little longer.' But they broke away from your arms into the light of heaven. It seemed as if Jesus and the angels were determined to have them there and then. But we have tried to make this church a comforting place for all the broken-hearted. O how many of them there are! We have tried to fill the song, and the sermon, and the prayer with the solace of God's promises, and so it shall be hereafter. It is no mere theory with me. I have had enough trouble of my own to know how to comfort those who are desolate, and it is my ambition to be to you a son of consolation. Standing as we do at the open portals of another pastoral year, let us to-day make a new vow of consecration. Let us be faithful to God and faithful to each other; for soon we must part, and all these pleasant scenes in which we have mingled will vanish for ever. By the throne of God, our work all done, our sorrows all ended, may we be permitted to talk over the solemn, delightful, and disciplinary occurrences of this my pastoral year in Brooklyn."

CHAPTER VIII.

MIDNIGHT EXPLORATIONS.

DR. TALMAGE'S "midnight explorations" in Brooklyn and New York, and his discourses describing the temptations and vices of city life, as seen by him, in the haunts of vice, and his scorching exposure of "leprosy in the high places of society," produced the greatest excitement all over the country. He states the reasons which led him to take this somewhat perilous step, as follows:—"I, as a minister of religion, felt I had a Divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or of my presbytery, or of the newspapers, but, asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission, and it said: 'Son of man, dig into the wall; and when I had digged into the wall, behold a door; and he said, Go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here; and I went in, and saw, and beheld!' Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not, until this autumn, seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed

any 'wild oats.' I had somehow been able to tell, from various sources, something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, 'I will explore.' I saw tens of thousands of men being ruined, and, if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder, of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where lost souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, 'I will explore.' I went as a physician goes into a small-pox hospital, or a fever hospital, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture he takes the students into the dissecting-room, and he shows them the reality. I am here this morning to report a plague, and to tell you how sin destroys the body, and destroys the mind, and destroys the soul. 'Oh!' say you, 'are you not afraid that, in consequence of your exploration of the iniquities of the city, other persons may make exploration, and do themselves damage?' I reply:

'If, in company with the Commissioner of Police, and the Captain of Police, and the Inspector of Police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go! But, if not, then stay away.' Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him, 'Sir, what are you doing here? Be off.' 'Why,' replied the civilian, 'there is no more danger here for me than there is for you.' Then Wellington flushed up, and said, 'God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here.' Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on this exploration, and on this battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, 'Don't you think that somehow your description of these places will induce people to go and see for themselves?' I answer, Yes, just as much as the description of the yellow fever at Grenada would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. It was told us there were hardly enough people alive to bury the dead, and I am going to tell you a story in these Sabbath morning sermons of places where they are all dead or dying. And I shall not gild iniquities. I shall play a dirge and not an anthem, and while I shall not put faintest blush on fairest cheek, I will kindle the cheeks of many a man into a conflagration, and I will make his ears tingle. But you say, 'Don't you know that the papers are criti-

cizing you for the position you take?' I say, Yes; and do you know how I feel about it? There is no man who is more indebted to the newspaper press than I am. My business is to preach the truth, and the wider the audience the newspaper press gives me, the wider my field is. As the press of the United States, and the Canadas, and of England and Ireland, and Scotland, and Australia, and New Zealand, are giving me every week nearly three million souls for an audience, I say I am indebted to the press, anyhow. Go on! To the day of my death I cannot pay them what I owe them. So slash away, gentlemen. The more the better. If there is anything I despise, it is a dull time. Brisk criticism is a coarse Turkish towel, with which every public man needs every day to be rubbed down, in order to keep healthful circulation. Give my love to all the secular and religious editors, and full permission to run their pens clear through my sermons, from introduction to application."

There can be no doubt that the sermons which Dr. Talmage preached on "The Night side of City Life," and which have been published in the columns of the *Christian Age*, produced not only a deep and wide sensation but also strong opposition and enmity to the preacher. It was impossible that such burning exposures of the sins and sorrows of city life could fail to stir up some of the bitterest feelings that human nature is capable of. So great was the anxiety of the public to hear those sermons that the church was thronged beyond description, the streets around blockaded with people so that carriages could not

pass, Dr. Talmage himself gaining admission only by the help of the police. The sermons are marvellous exhibitions of the preacher's descriptive powers, sparkling with graceful images and illustrative anecdotes, terrible in their earnestness, and uncompromising in their denunciations of sin and wickedness among high and low, sparing neither rich nor poor.

We think it only right that our readers should have the opportunity of judging of the character of these sermons, and therefore we give the substance of one, entitled "The Lepers of High Life."

"I noticed in my midnight explorations with these high officials that the haunts of sin are chiefly supported by men of means and wealth. The young men recently come from the country, of whom I spoke last Sabbath morning, are on small salary, and they have but little money to spend in sin, and if they go into luxuriant iniquity the employer finds it out by the inflamed eye and the marks of dissipation, and they are discharged. The luxuriant places of iniquity are supported by men who come down from the fashionable avenues of New York, and cross over from some of the finest mansions of Brooklyn. Prominent business men from Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and Cincinnati patronize these places of sin. I could call the names of prominent men in one cluster who patronize these places of iniquity, and I may call their names before I get through this course of sermons, though the fabric of New York and Brooklyn society tumble into wreck. Judges of courts, distinguished lawyers, officers of the Church,

political orators standing on different platforms talking about God and good morals until you might suppose them to be evangelists expecting a thousand converts in one night. Call the roll of dissipation in the haunts of iniquity any night, and if the inmates will answer, you will find there stockbrokers from Wall Street, large importers from Broadway, iron merchants, leather merchants, cotton merchants, hardware merchants, wholesale grocers, representatives from all the commercial and wealthy classes. Talk about the heathenism below Canal Street! There is a worse heathenism above Canal Street. I prefer that kind of heathenism which wallows in filth and disgusts the beholder rather than that heathenism which covers up its walking putrefaction with camel's-hair shawl and point-lace, and rides in turn-outs worth 3,000 dols., liveried driver ahead and rosetted flunky behind. We have been talking so much about the Gospel for the masses, now let us talk a little about the Gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazzarettos of upper-tendom. It is the iniquity that comes down from the higher circles of society that supports the haunts of crime, and is gradually turning our cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs waiting for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God who whelmed the cities of the plain. We want about five hundred Anthony Comstocks to go forth and explore and expose the abominations of high life. For eight or ten years there stood within sight of the most fashionable New York

drive a Moloch temple, a brown stone hell on earth, which neither the mayor, nor the judges, nor the police dared touch, when Anthony Comstock, a Christian man of less than average physical stature, and with cheek scarred by the knife of a desperado whom he had arrested, walked into that palace of the devil on Fifth Avenue, and in the name of the eternal God put an end to it, the priestess presiding at the orgies retreating by suicide into the lost world, her bleeding corpse found in her own bathtub. May the eternal God have mercy on our cities. Gilded sin comes down from these high places in the upper circles of iniquity, and then on gradually down until, in five years, it makes the whole course, from the marble pillar on the brilliant avenue clear down to the cellars of Water Street. One of the officers on that midnight exploration said to me, 'Look at them now, and look at them three years from now, when all this glory has departed; they'll be a heap of rags in the station-house.' Another of the officers said to me, 'That is the daughter of one of the wealthiest families in Madison Square.'

But I have something more amazing to tell you than that the men of means and wealth support these haunts of iniquity, and that is that they are chiefly supported by heads of families—fathers and husbands, with the awful perjury of broken marriage vows upon them, with a niggardly stipend left at home for the support of their families, going forth with their thousands for the diamonds and wardrobe and equipage of iniquity. In the name of Heaven, I

denounce this public iniquity. Let such men be hurled out of decent circles. Let them be hurled out from business circles. If they will not repent, overboard with them! I lift one-half the burden of malediction from the unpitied head of offending woman, and hurl it on the blasted pate of offending man! Society needs a new division of its anathema. By what law of justice does burning excoriation pursue offending woman down the precipices of destruction, while offending man, kid-gloved, walks in refined circles, invited up if he have money, advanced into political recognition, while all the doors of high life open at the first rap of his gold-headed cane? I say, if you let one come back, let them both come back. If one must go down, let both go down. I give you as my opinion that the eternal perdition of all other sinners will be a heaven compared with the punishment everlasting of that man who, turning his back upon her whom he swore to protect and defend until death, and upon his children, whose destiny may be decided by his example, goes forth to seek affectional alliances elsewhere. For such a man the portion will be fire, and hail, and tempest, and darkness, and anguish, and despair for ever, for ever, for ever! My friends, there has got to be a reform in this matter, or American society will go to pieces. Under the head of 'incompatibility of temper,' nine-tenths of the abomination goes on. What did you get married for if your dispositions are incompatible? 'Oh!' you say, 'I rushed into it without thought.' Then you ought to be willing to

suffer the punishment for making a fool of yourself! Incompatibility of temper! You are responsible for at least a half of the incompatibility. Why are you not honest and willing to admit either that you did not control your temper, or that you had already broken your marriage oath? In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, incompatibility is a phrase to cover up wickedness already enacted. I declare in the presence of the world that heads of families are supporting these haunts of iniquity. I wish there might be a police raid lasting a great while, that they would just go down through all these places of sin and gather up all the prominent business men of the city, and march them down through the street followed by about twenty reporters to take their names and put them in full capitals in the next day's paper! Let such a course be undertaken in our cities, and in six months there would be eighty per cent. off your public vice. It is not now the young men that need so much looking after; it is their fathers and mothers. Let heads of families cease to patronize places of iniquity, and in a short time they would crumble to ruin."

We request the attention of our readers to the following extract from an American journal published at the time the sermons were being delivered :—

"The religious and secular newspapers, with great unanimity, ridicule and condemn Dr. Talmage's lectures on the haunts of sin in New York. To this the Doctor made reply in his last sermon, and spoke of the 'sublime fury with which the clergymen mount

their war-horses and charge down upon century-old sins or sinners. They hurl sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, but when they come to handle modern sins, they take out dainty handkerchiefs, wipe gold-rimmed spectacles, and put kid gloves on their hands.' Now we should like to know what objections our religious contemporaries have to the preacher's course in investigating the facts, verifying Solomon's assertion that such paths take hold on hell, and most earnestly warning the unwary against them. An exhibition of the appalling hell which lies at the end of a short race in those paths, is one of the surest methods of keeping the feet of young men and young women out of them. We would not advise another exploration of the gilded hells, but let the minister ask his medical friend to show him the end of such paths, in the hospitals and asylums, slums and cellars, and, our word for it, it will touch his tongue with a live coal of zeal. He will try to save the young men as he has never before tried."

CHAPTER IX.

*AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERMON, OR HOW
MINISTERS ARE LIED ABOUT.*

[Our readers will see by this sermon something of what Dr. Talmage has had to contend with in the course of his remarkable career as a Christian minister, and it will also help to prepare for a more righteous judgment upon the merits of the Trial which has just taken place, and of which an account is given farther on.—ED.]

“You may not know that this is a double anniversary. It is nearly ten years since I became pastor of this church. Besides, on Tuesday, January 7 of this year (1879) I was forty-seven years of age. This being a double anniversary, you will not be surprised if my sermon this morning is autobiographical. I started life in an old-fashioned Christian family, where they had prayers morning and night, and always asked a blessing on meals; and there was no exception to the rule, for, if my father was sick or away, my mother led, and while sometimes, when my father led, we found it hard to repress childish restlessness, there was something in the tones of my mother, and there was something in the tears which always choked her utterance before she got through with the prayer, that was irresistible. The fact is that mothers get their hearts so wound around their

children that when they think of their future, and the trials and temptations to which they may be subjected, they cannot control their emotions as easily as men do. While he had a very sympathetic nature, I never saw my father cry but once, and that was when they put the lid over my mother. Her hair was white as the snow, and her face was very much wrinkled, for she had worked very hard for us all and had had many sicknesses and bereavements. I do not know how she appeared to the world, nor what artists may have thought of her features, but to us she was perfectly beautiful. There were twelve of us children, but six of them are in heaven. I started for the legal profession with an admiration for it which has never cooled, for I cannot now walk along by a court-house, or hear an attorney address a jury, without having all my pulses accelerated and my enthusiasm aroused. I cannot express my admiration for a profession adorned with the names of Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Rufus Choate, and John McLean. But God converted my soul, and put me into the ministry by a variety of circumstances, shutting me up to that glorious profession. And what a work it is! I thank God every day for the honour of being associated with what I consider the most elevated, educated, refined, and consecrated band of men on this planet—the Christian ministry. I know, I think, about five thousand of them personally, and they are as near perfection as human nature ever gets to be. Some of them on starvation salaries, and with worn health and amid ten thousand

disadvantages, trying to bring comfort and pardon to the race. I am proud to have my name on the roll with them, though my name may be at the very bottom, and am willing to be their servant for Jesus' sake. But we all have a work. 'To every man his work.' I will not hide the fact that it has been the chief ambition of my ministry to apply a religion six thousand years old to the present day—a religion of four thousand years B.C. to 1869 and 1879 A.D. So I went to work to find the oldest religion I could see. I sought for it in my Bible, and I found it in the Garden of Eden, where the serpent's head is promised a bruising by the heel of Christ. I said, 'That is the religion,' and I went to work to see what kind of men that religion made, and I found Joshua, and Moses, and Paul, and John the Evangelist, and John Bunyan, and John Wesley, and John Summerfield, and five hundred other Johns as good or approximate. I said: 'Ah! that is the religion I want to preach—the Edenic religion that bruises the serpent's head.' That is what I have been trying to do. The serpent's head must be bruised. I hate him. I never see his head but I throw something at it. That is what I have been trying to do during these courses of sermons, to bruise the serpent's head, and every time I bruised him he hissed, and the harder I bruised him the harder he hissed. You never trod on a serpent but he hissed. But I trod on him with only one foot. Before I get through I shall tread on him with both feet. If God will help me I shall bruise the oppres-

sion, and the fraud, and the impurity coiled up amid our great cities. Come now, God helping me, I declare a war of twenty-five years against iniquity and for Christ, if God will let me live so long. To this conflict I bring every muscle of my body, every faculty of my mind, every passion of my soul. Between here and my grave there shall not be an inch of retreat, of indifference, or of compromise. After I am dead, I ask of the world and of the church only one thing—not for a marble slab, not for a draped chair, not for a long funeral procession, not for a flattering ovation. A plain box in a plain waggon will be enough, if the elders of the church will stand here and say that I never compromised with evil, and always presented Christ to the people. Then let Father Pearson, if he be still alive, pronounce the benediction, and the mourners go home. I do not forget that my style of preaching and my work in general have been sometimes severely criticized by some of my clerical brethren. It has come to be understood that at installations and at dedications I shall be assailed. I have sometimes said to prominent men in my church, ‘Go down to such and such an installation, and hear them excoriate Talmage.’ And they go, and they are always gratified! I have heard that sometimes in Brooklyn, when an audience gets dull through lack of ventilation in the church, the pastor will look over towards Brooklyn Tabernacle, and say something that will wake all the people up, and they will elbow each other, and say, ‘That’s Talmage!’

You see, there are some ministers who want me to work just the way they do; and, as I cannot see my duty in their direction, they sometimes call me all sorts of names. Some of them call me one thing, and some call me another; but I think the three words that are most glibly used in this connexion are 'mountebank,' 'sensationalism,' 'buffoonery,' and a variety of phrases showing that some of my dear clerical brethren are not happy. Now, I have the advantage of all such critical brethren in the fact that I never assault them though they assault me. The dear souls! I wish them all the good I can think of—large audiences, large salaries, and houses full of children, and heaven to boot! I rub my hands all over their heads in benediction. You never heard me say one word against any Christian worker, and you never will. The fact is, that I am so busy in assaulting the powers of darkness that I have no time to stop and stab any of my own regiment in the back. Now, there are two ways in which I might answer some of the critical clergy. I might answer them by the same bitterness and acrimony and caricature with which some of them have assaulted me; but would that advance our holy religion? Do you not know that there is nothing that so prejudices people against Christianity as to see ministers fighting? It takes two to make a battle, so I will let them go on. It relieves them, and does not hurt me! I suppose that in the war of words I might be their equal, for nobody has ever charged me with lack of vocabulary! But then, you plainly

see that if I assaulted them with the same bitterness with which they assaulted me, no good cause would be advanced. There is another way, and that is by giving them kindly, loving, and brotherly advice. 'Ah!' you say, 'that's the way; that's a Christian way.' Then I advise my critical brethren of the clergy to remember what every layman knows, whether in the Church or in the world, that you never build yourself up by trying to pull anybody else down. You see, my dear critical brethren—and I hope the audience will make no response to what I am saying—you see, my dear critical brethren, you fail in two respects when you try to do that; first, you do not build yourselves up, and, secondly, you do not pull anybody else down. Show me the case in five hundred years where any pulpit, or any church, has been built up by bombarding some other pulpit. The fact is, we have an immense membership in this church, and they are all my personal friends. Then, we have a great many regular attendants who are not church members, and a great many occasional attendants, from all parts of the land, and these people know that I never give any bad advice in this place, and that I always give good advice, and that God by conversion saves as many souls in this church every year as He saves in any other church. Now, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, why assault all these homes throughout the world? When you assault me, you assault them. Besides that, 'To every man his work.' I wish you all prosperity, critical brethren. *You*, for instance,

are metaphysical. May you succeed in driving people into heaven by raising a great fog on earth. *You* are severely logical. Hook the people into glory by the horns of a dilemma. *You* are anecdotal. Charm the people to truth by capital stories well told. *You* are illustrative. Twist all the flowers of the field and all the stars of heaven into your sermon. *You* are classical. Wield the club of Hercules for the truth, and make Parnassus bow to Calvary. *Your* work is not so much in the pulpit as from house to house, by pastoral visitation. The Lord go with you as you go to take tea with the old ladies, and hold the children on your lap and tell them how much they look like their father and mother! Stay all the afternoon and evening, and if it is a damp night stay all night! All prosperity to you in this pastoral work, and may you by that means get the whole family into the kingdom of God. You will reach people I never will reach, and I will reach people you never will reach. Go ahead. In every possible way, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, I will help you. If you have anything going on in your church—lecture, concert, religious meeting—send me the notice and I will read it here with complimentary remarks, and when you call me a hard name I will call you a blessed fellow, and when you throw a brickbat at me, an ecclesiastical brickbat, then I will pour holy oil on your head until it runs down on your coat collar! There is nothing that so invigorates and inspires me as the opportunity to say pleasant things about my clerical brethren. God prosper you,

my critical brethren of the ministry, and put a blessing on your head, and a blessing in your shoe, and a blessing in your gown—if you wear one—and a blessing before you, and a blessing behind you, and a blessing under you, and a blessing on the top of you, so that you cannot get out until you mount into heaven, where I appoint a meeting with you on the north side of the river, under the tree of life, to talk over the honour we had on earth of working each one in his own way. ‘To every man his work.’ We ought to be an example, my critical brethren, to other occupations. How often we hear lawyers talking against lawyers, and doctors talking against doctors, and merchants talking against merchants. You would hardly go into a store on one side of the street to get a merchant’s opinion of a merchant on the other side of the street in the same line of business. We ought, in the ministry, to be examples to all other occupations. If we have spites and jealousies, let us hide them for ever. If we have not enough divine grace to do it, let common worldly prudence dictate.

But during these ten years in which I have preached to you, I have not only received the criticism of the world, but I have often received its misrepresentation, and I do not suppose any man of any age escapes if he be trying to do a particular work for God and the Church. It was said that Rowland Hill advertized he would on the following Sabbath make a pair of shoes in his pulpit, in the presence of his audience, and that he came into the pulpit with a pair of boots and a knife, and having shaved off the

top of the boots, presented the pair of shoes. It was said that Whitefield was preaching one summer day, when a fly buzzed around his head, and that he said, 'The sinner will be destroyed as certainly as I catch that fly.' He clutched at the fly and missed it. The story goes that then he said that after all perhaps the sinner might escape through salvation! Twenty years ago the pictorials of London were full of pictures of Charles Spurgeon astride the rail of the pulpit, riding down in the presence of the audience to show how easy it was to go into sin; and then the pictorials represented him as climbing up the railing of the pulpit to show how hard it was to get to heaven. Mr. Beecher was said to have entered his pulpit one warm day, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, to have said, 'It's hot!' with an expletive more emphatic than devotional! Lies! Lies! All of them lies. No minister of the Gospel escapes. Certainly I have not escaped! A few years ago, when I was living in Philadelphia, I came to unite in holy marriage Dr. Boynton, the eloquent geological lecturer, with a lady of New York. I solemnized the marriage ceremony in the parlours of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The couple made their wedding excursion in a balloon that left Central Park within the presence of five thousand people. When I got back to Philadelphia I saw in the papers that I had disgraced the holy ordinance of marriage by performing it a mile high, above the earth, in a balloon! And there are thousands of people to this day who believe that I solemnized that marriage above

the clouds. About eight or nine years ago, in our chapel, at a Christmas festival one week night, amid six or eight hundred children roaring happy, with candies and oranges and corn-balls, and with the representation of a star in Christmas-greens right before me, I said, 'Boys, I feel like a morning star.' It so happened that that phrase is to be found in a negro song, and two days afterwards it appeared over the name of a man who said he was 'a member of a neighbouring church,' that I had the previous Sunday night, in my pulpit, quoted two or three verses from 'Shoo Fly!' And, moreover, it went on to say that we sang that every Sunday in our Sunday school! And as it was supposed that 'a member of a neighbouring church' would not lie, grave editorials appeared in prominent newspapers deploring the fact that the pulpit should be so desecrated, and that the Sabbath schools of this country seemed to be going to ruin. Some years ago, in the *New York Independent*, I wrote an article denouncing the exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea for the working classes. In the midst of that article there were two ironical sentences, in which I expressed the disgust which some people have for anybody that works for a living. Some enemy took those two ironical sentences and sent them all around the world as my sentiments of disgust with the working classes, and a popular magazine of the country, taking those two ironical sentences as a text, went on to say that I preached every Sunday with kid gloves and swallow-tail coat (!), and that I ought to remember that if

ever I got to heaven I should have to be associated with the working classes, and be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul, the tent-maker. To this very day I get letters from all parts of the earth containing little newspaper scraps, saying, ‘*Did* you really say that? How is it possible you can so hate the working classes? How can you make that accord with the words of sympathy you have recently been uttering in behalf of their sorrows?’ A few years ago I preached a series of sermons here on good and bad amusements. There appeared a sermon as mine, denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors, and actresses were dissolute without exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of the sermon. Every word of that sermon was written in a printing-office by a man who had never seen me, or seen Brooklyn Tabernacle—every word of it except the text, that he got by sending to another printing-office. In the State of Maine a religious paper has a letter from a clergyman who says that I came into this pulpit on Sabbath morning with Indian dress, feathers on my head, and scalping-knife in my hand, and that the pulpit was appropriately adorned with arrows, and Indian blankets, and buffalo-skins; and the clergyman, in that letter, goes on, with tears, to ask, ‘What is the world coming to?’ and asks if ecclesiastical authority somehow cannot be evoked to

stop such an outrage. Why do I state these things? To stop them? Oh, no. But for public information. I do not want to stop them. They make things spicy! Besides that, my enemies do more for me than my friends can. I long ago learned to harness the falsehood and abuse of the world for Christian service. I thought it would be a great privilege if I could preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these two cities. The secular press of these two cities, as a matter of good neighbourhood and of home news, have more than done me justice; and I thank them for it. If they put the Gospel as I preach it in their reportorial columns, I should be very mean and ungrateful if I objected to anything in the editorial columns. I have felt if this world is ever brought to God, it will be by the printing press; and while I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the Gospel through the religious press all around the world, I wanted to preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these cities, to people who do not go to church and who dislike churches. My enemies have given me the chance. They have told such monstrous lies about this pulpit and about this church that they have made all the world curious to know what really is said here. They have opened the way before me everywhere in all the cities of this land, so that now the very best, the most conscientious, and the most leading papers of the country allow me, week by week, to preach repentance and Christ to the people. And first of all, now, I thank

the secular press of these two cities for their kindness, and after that I publicly thank—for I shall never have any opportunity of doing so save this—the *Boston Herald*, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Times* of Philadelphia, the *Albany Argus*, the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago, the *Advance* of Chicago, the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, the *Times-Journal* of St. Louis, the *Dispatch* of Pittsburg, the *Reading Eagle*, Pennsylvania; the *Henrietta Journal* of Texas; the *Evangel* of San Francisco, the *Telegraph* of St. John, Canada, the *Guardian* of Toronto, Canada, the *Christian Age*, the *Christian Herald*, and the *Christian Globe*, of London, the *Southern Cross* of Melbourne, Australia, *Town and Country* of Sydney, Australia; the *Words of Grace* of Sydney, Australia, and many others, all around the world. And I want to tell you that when I was called here to this place, while I received the call from nineteen people, my enemies now give me the opportunity every week of preaching the Gospel to between seven and eight million souls. They have excited the curiosity to see and hear what I would say, and then the leading, the honourable newspapers of the country have gratified that curiosity. Go on, mine enemies! If you can afford it in your soul I can. So God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and while I thank my friends I thank my enemies.

But, while the falsehoods to which I have referred may somewhat have stirred your humour, there is a falsehood which strikes a different key, for it invades

the sanctity of my home; and, when I tell the story, the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if anyone may want to copy it they can after. (*Reading from manuscript.*) It has been stated over and over again in private circles, and in newspapers hinted, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister (who was my sister-in-law); that the boat capsized, and that having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved her sister, I marrying her in sixty days! I propose to nail that infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful morning, my own sister by blood relation, Sarah Talmage Whiteknack, and her daughter Mary, being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed that we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and my only daughter—she being a little child—and my sister Sarah and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia, I was ignorant of the topography of the suburbs. Passing along by the river I saw a boat and proposed a row. I hired the boat and we got in, and not knowing anything of the dam across the river, and unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw someone wildly waving on the shore as though there were

danger. I looked back, and lo! we were already in the current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared, and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I, not able to swim a stroke, hanging on the bottom of the boat, my niece hanging on to me, my sister Sarah clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—and I can see her blackened body yet, rolling over the barrel, such as is used for restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill river, and with my little girl in semi-unconsciousness, and blood issuing from her nostril and lip, wrapped in a shawl, on my lap, and with my sister Sarah and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolate home. Since the world was created a more ghastly and agonizing calamity never happened. And that is the scene over which some ministers of the Gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport. My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far from being sisters, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after that tragedy on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill, she was introduced to me by my brother, her pastor, Rev. Goyn

Talmage, now of Paramus, New Jersey. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, Harrison Street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susie Whittemore, and she was a member of the church in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where multitudes could tell the story. With multitudes of people on the bank of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within half an hour's walk of this place who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife, Susie Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of the whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before, and I never shall again; but I give fair notice that, if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this affirming this slander, I will pay the informant 100 dollars, and I will put upon the criminal, the loathsome wretch who utters it, the full force of the law.

But while I have thus referred to falsehoods and criticisms, I want to tell you that in the upturned faces of my congregation, and in the sympathy of a Church always indulgent, and in the perpetual blessing of God, my ten years here in Brooklyn have been very happy. Now, as to the future—for I am preaching my anniversary sermon—as to the future, I want

to be of more service. My ideas of a sermon have all changed. My entire theology has condensed into one word, and that a word of four letters, and that word is 'help.' Before I select my text, when I come to this pulpit, when I rise to preach, the one thought is, How shall I help the people? And this coming year I mean, if God will give me His Spirit, to help young men. They have an awful struggle, and I want to put my arm through their arm with a tight grip, such as an older brother has a right to give to a younger brother, and I want to help them through. Many of them have magnificent promise and hope. I am going to cheer them on up the steps of usefulness and honour. God help the young men! I get letters every week from somebody in the country, saying, 'My son has gone to the city; he is in such a bank, or store, or shop. Will you look after him? He was a good boy at home, but there are many temptations in the city. Pray for him, and counsel him.' I want to help the old. They begin to feel in the way; they begin to feel neglected, perhaps. I want at the edge of the snow-bank of old age to show them the crocus. I want to put in their hands the staff and the rod of the Gospel. God bless your grey hairs. I want to help these wives and mothers in the struggle of housekeeping, and in the training of their children for God and for Heaven. I want to preach a Gospel as appropriate to Martha as to Mary. God help the martyrs of the kitchen, and the martyrs of the drawing-room, and the martyrs of the nursery, and the martyrs of the sewing-machine.

I want to help merchants; whether the times are good or bad, they have a struggle. I want to preach a sermon that will last them all the week; when they have notes to pay, and no money to pay them with; when they are abused and assaulted. I want to give them a Gospel as appropriate for Wall Street, and Broadway, and Chestnut Street, and State Street, as for the communion table. I want to help dissipated men who are trying to reform. Instead of coming to them with a patronizing air that seems to say, 'How high I am up, and how low you are down,' I want to come to them with a manner which seems to say, 'If I had been in the same kind of temptation, I might have done worse.' I have more interest in the lost sheep that bleats on the mountain than in the ninety-nine sheep asleep in the fold. I want to help the bereft. Oh! they are all around us. It seems as if the cry of orphanage and childlessness and widowhood would never end. Only last Wednesday we carried out a beautiful girl of twenty years. Fond parents could not cure her. Doctors could not cure her. Oceanic voyage to Europe could not cure her. She went out over that road over which so many of your loved ones have gone. Oh! we want comfort. This is a world of graves. God make me the sun of consolation to the troubled. Help for one. Help for all. Help now. While this moment the sun rides mid heaven, may the eternal noon of God's pardon and comfort flood your soul."

CHAPTER X.

THE TRIAL.

WE now come to what we doubt not is the most painful event in Dr. Talmage's life. To be the subject of gossip and tittle-tattle, to have one's sayings and doings criticized and sometimes misrepresented, is the lot of all public men; but, we regret to say, Dr. Talmage has been called to pass through a much severer trial than any that could have arisen from such causes as these. We will not attribute unworthy motives to those who have been the chief actors in this movement directed against Dr. Talmage, we will hope that they believe they were discharging a great public duty in the course which they have been pursuing; but none the less do we deplore that the counsel of the eminently good and wise Dr. Cuyler had not been taken. He opposed a public trial, and would take no part in it; and we are convinced he was right. Indeed, we feel assured that neither party can look back upon the scenes which were reported as taking place during the trial, without deep sorrow for the scandal brought upon the Christian ministry and the Christian name itself. A private conference

of the brethren with Dr. Talmage would have been enough to answer every purpose, when the "common fame" charges against Talmage might have been inquired into, and a right decision arrived at in the interests of truth and charity. But unhappily this was not done, and the world now rings with the Brooklyn Presbytery Scandal. From the first of this painful matter it has seemed to us that to proceed against a Christian minister merely on the ground of "common fame" was unworthy a body of men such as the Brooklyn Presbytery. Was there ever a zealous servant of God, since the world began, that "common fame" has not more or less calumniated? Has it not been the lot of God's servants in all ages to be reviled and slandered by "common fame"? Yea, was it not thus that the life of the Master Himself was taken away? The "common fame" of the Scribes and Pharisees, the priests and the rulers of Jerusalem, alleged that Jesus was "a wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners;" that He had "a devil and was mad;" that He said He would destroy the temple; that He was seditious, and stirred up the people to rebellion against Cæsar; that He was a blasphemer, &c. It was upon "common fame" that He was apprehended and crucified. We candidly confess that the manner in which the prosecuting party proceeded against Talmage has never ceased to appear to us as cowardly and mean; that under the assumption of "common fame" was concealed a dislike to the man, and a desire to strike him down, which dared not show itself in a fair and honest and manly

encounter. We say this without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, and without the slightest wish to create prejudice. The Brooklyn Presbytery has decided by a majority of five that Talmage is innocent of the charges made against him, and the same majority have passed a resolution expressing confidence in his character, and esteem and regard for him and his work; and so far these are weighty testimonies in his favour, which ought at the least to procure for him such treatment as an acquitted man deserves; but the case is not thereby terminated. The minority in the Presbytery have appealed to the higher court in the Presbyterian Church, the Synod, and in consequence of that appeal the whole case must be gone into again before the larger court; and therefore respect for that court as well as for Talmage himself precludes our saying more at present. It is evident from Talmage's declaration before the Presbytery that he was not unprepared for hostile action. He said, "We have been ready for trial for nine years in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The air has been full of the threats of the Presbytery towards us. We have been committed and committed, and not to be ready for trial at this time would be a very strange thing. One month ago I stood up here and demanded investigation and trial. I said, 'I am here now prepared to answer any and every question put to me, and I want an investigation. An investigation for forty-seven years.' But I was not heard. I want an investigation—not for one year, but for forty-seven years. All the facts concerning my life

—between God and my soul there are ten thousand sins and imperfections—but between myself and my church, and between myself and my brethen, I challenge investigation. I waive the ten days which I have a right to demand to prepare for trial. I am ready now, with the documents in my pocket, and with witnesses here to prove that atrocious crimes have been committed against me as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.” These do not read like the words of a man who had anything to conceal or fear. The charge against Dr. Talmage consisted of the following specifications:

Specification I.—In that he acted deceitfully, and made statements which he knew to be false, in the matter of his withdrawal from the editorship of the *Christian at Work*, in the month of October, 1876.

Specification II.—In that, at various times, he published, or allowed to be published by those closely associated with him, without contradicting them, statements which he knew to be false, or calculated to give a false impression, in defence of his action and statements referred to in the first specification.

Specification III.—In that he repeatedly made public declarations, in various and emphatic forms of speech, from his pulpit, that the church of which he was pastor was a free church, and that the sittings were assigned without reference to the dollar question, although he knew such declarations to be false.

Specification IV.—In that, in the winter of 1876-7, he falsely accused J. W. Hathaway of dis-

honest practices, and afterwards denied that he had done so.

Specification V.—In that, in the early part of the year 1878, he endeavoured to obtain false subscriptions towards the payment of the debt of the church, to be deceitfully used for the purpose of inducing others to subscribe.

Specification VI.—In that, in the year 1878, he acted and spoke deceitfully in reference to the matter of the re-engagement of the organist of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church.

Specification VII.—In that he publicly declared, on Sunday, February 2, 1879, that all the newspapers said he was to be arraigned for heterodoxy, and used other expressions calculated to give the impression that he expected to be arraigned on that charge, although he knew that he would be arraigned, if at all, on the charge of falsehood, thereby deceiving the people.

The prosecution was conducted by the Rev. A. Crosby and the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke. The defence was committed to the Rev. Dr. Spear, a venerable minister of the old school, who certainly had not been prejudiced in Talmage's favour. Dr. Spear said:

"I have heard of him and talked about him, and said some things adverse to him which, if I had known him as well as I now do, I would not have said. I find that I was mistaken in some very important respects. He is not in all particulars the man that I supposed he was, and not the man that the common fame I heard said he was. I took him

to be odd, strange, startling, and sensational by design, study, and art ; but I now see, as I did not then see, that Nature has given him such forms of thought and modes of expression as must carry along with them much of what very sober people call indiscretion and imprudence. I looked upon him as a man whom it would be well to chisel, and straighten, and put into a more comely shape ; but I did not then see, as I do now, that he has an emotional and intellectual organization remarkably unique ; his own, and not another's, and that he cannot be trimmed, cramped, or frozen without undermining the foundation of his great powers. I did not then see, as I do now, that he is and must be himself, however much the critics may snarl at him ; and that when and where he is himself there is in him an immense amount of that which is good and strong. I regarded him as a genius of his own type ; but I did not see the peculiarities and infirmities, just as natural as the genius, which sometimes shade the clear lustre of the latter. I did not see, as I now do, the fervour and rush of his emotional nature, that necessarily involve some imprudence, that will not permit the tongue to measure its own words with the most perfect exactitude, and that will not wait for the cool and careful analysis of deliberate judgment. He is one of those men who often make the air tremble with vibrations too rapid for their own counting. And as to his heart, I was greatly mistaken. I did not then see, as I now do, its natural simplicity, its generous overflow, its unsuspecting

artlessness, and, unless I am now mistaken, its honest zeal for God and man. My affections have been drawn towards him in this hour of his trouble, and this is the reason why I am before you to plead his cause."

Subsequently the sixth and seventh specifications were withdrawn. The trial lasted six weeks, and attracted general attention and much comment, not only because of the eminence of the accused minister and the nature of the charges preferred against him, but on account of the manner in which the whole affair was conducted. It ended, as we have already stated, in a verdict of acquittal by a majority of five. At the close of the trial Dr. Talmage delivered the following address:—

"MR. MODERATOR,—‘I think myself happy because I shall be permitted to answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I have been accused, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions.’ Conscious as I have been of my thorough integrity, I am glad that the Presbytery have come to the same mind. You will all, as Christian brethren, want to know how I feel now. First, a sense of gratitude. (Here Dr. Talmage extended thanks to the Moderator, to his counsel, and to the press.)

How do I feel towards my severe opponents in this Presbytery? I feel well. I would, if need be, go any distance to serve them. By the blessing of God I shall come out of this trial without the slightest grudge. I feel that these opponents have

done me no harm. They have opened for me wider fields of usefulness. They have marshalled all Christian people and the world on my side. Whatever they meant God has turned it for good. Every blow struck has somehow passed my head and knocked open a new door of work. How do I feel towards Brothers Van Dyke and Crosby and Greene and Dr. Sherwood? I feel as though I would like to meet them all in heaven, although I am not very anxious to meet them the first two or three days! It is only through the help of God that I have not lost my temper. I have had no surprise in the final vote. Three newspaper gentlemen, before one word of evidence was taken on this trial, gave me the names of those who would finally vote against me, and they made but one mistake, and that in the case of a clergyman who came to my side. My only surprise was that after raking over my entire life of forty-seven years they have been able to establish nothing against me. I am not as good as that would seem to make me out. I could have given my prosecutors material for fifty specifications against myself, to all of which I would have pleaded guilty. I shall go out of this trial with an increased hatred for everything like sectarianism.

Not only have I had the sympathy of the entire Presbyterian Church—a handful of this Presbytery excepted—but I have had the sympathy of the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Reformed, the Episcopalian, and the Catholic Churches. I never had any sectarianism in my soul, but I have

less now. Indeed, though I am a Protestant in one respect, I prefer the Catholic Church. They have only one pope, while in our Protestant denominations there are a hundred, and I think at least one for each presbytery and classis and consociation. Never have I had such full appreciation of the fact that God has His children in all denominations. 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints.'

Never have I had such opportunity of cultivating patience as during these six weeks. A few summers ago I lay down in the woods and fell asleep. When I woke up I found a caterpillar on my foot, an ant crawling up my sleeve, and spiders weaving their webs across my body—one web across my boot, one across my knee, one across my waist, one across my chin, one across my nose, one across my forehead—just seven specifications! But I got up and shook myself, and took a good wash, and felt well. I call you to witness that I have for six weeks lain quietly and allowed all sorts of spiders to crawl over me, and said nothing; but I think it is about time for me to get up and shake myself. I got no harm from my experience in the woods. I expect to get no harm from my experience in the Presbytery. I pronounce my benediction upon all this body. I have no complaint to make. There are two or three regrets I might mention. I regret that when, years ago, I offered to leave this whole matter to a committee, that committee was refused. I regret also that when, two months ago, a committee of five was appointed, they

heard my enemies but would not hear one of my friends. I offered in one afternoon to show them the falsity of all the charges, but they would not give me one second to the hearing of one of my friends, while they spent two weeks in gathering up the venom of my enemies. That is a regret in which all fair-minded men will share.

The actions of that committee have made more infidels than all of them will ever be able to make Christians. At some of the committee I was not much surprised, but I would have thought that the senior member of it would have been very careful about making the scandal of this trial, because of his own past experience. There has been much discussion as to whether my church and its pastor would leave the Presbyterian denomination on account of the atrocity attempted on me. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church being one branch of the great Presbyterian family. I shall go with my people wherever they go. I believe in them as much as they believe in me. A more highly-educated, refined, and conservative group of men and women is not to be found on this planet. I hope for the present they will stay in this denomination (Van Dyke's). The power that was the bane of this Presbytery is now broken, and there is going to be more room for free action. The thumbscrews are going out of modern ecclesiasticism. There have things transpired in the Presbytery that are no more Presbyterianism than they are South Sea cannibalism. More liberty of thought and deed hereafter in the

Brooklyn Presbytery. We cannot all work the same way. Some of the brethren have said that they do not like my way of preaching. I just as much dislike theirs. They do not sanction mine. I could not endure theirs. It is certain that as many people like mine as theirs. My way of preaching is poor enough ; but I know theirs will never save the world ! God seems to have blessed my work as much as He has theirs ; but I will make a bargain with them. I will let them have their way if they will let me have mine. It has been said on this trial that I have eccentricities. If so, they are natural. I have never cultured but one eccentricity, and that is never to pursue anyone engaged in Christian work ! It makes but little difference to me whether a fisherman uses Conroy tackle with fly of golden pheasant, or a crooked stick which he cut out of the woods with his own jack-knife, if he only catches the fish. Get men into the Kingdom of God. Who cares about the way you get them in ? Six years ago I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth about 100 $\frac{1}{2}$. If the trout and the deer of Saranac Lake, and John Brown's Tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels ! Such bait boxes ! Such cartridges ! Such Bradford flies ! Such pocket flasks for soda water and lemonade ! Suffice it to say I did not interfere with the happiness of the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a mountaineer with an old blunderbuss shot

three deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply great execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure if we cannot catch souls.

On this trial my methods have been criticized because some of you do not understand what my theory of preaching is. When I go into the pulpit I say, 'During this one hour and a half I am going to see how many people I can help, and help right away.' We all want help. Our children are dead, and we want to know whether there is any place this side or the other of the sun where we can get them into our arms again. To most of us life is a struggle, and we want a Christ to sympathize with us in the struggle. Five hundred thousand people in Brooklyn who want help. Twelve hundred millions of a race wanting help. Eternal God help us to help them. Brethren, I preach the best I can. You could not stand it to hear me preach, and I would not for a salary of 1,000%. a year sit and hear some of you preach. If you want me different you will have to make me over again; but if you do undertake the job of making me over again, like unto which of these presbyters will you make me? Do let me have a choice of models.

This is certain; I will hereafter be more intense in my way. I have been stupid long enough in sermonizing; I am hereafter going to be interesting, if such a thing is possible. The brethren say I am orthodox, and I admit that they are orthodox; but I

give them notice that I am hereafter going to be orthodox in a more interesting way. No more humdrum for me. I have learned this from the newspapers of the country. Why do all the people read newspapers? Because the newspapers are interesting. How are we to get our churches thronged with worshippers? By making our religious services interesting. Hereafter count me out of the old way of doing things. I have been asked whether I intend to withdraw from this Presbytery. I might, perhaps, but for brother Van Dyke's assertion that he should withdraw in case of my acquittal. What would become of the Presbyterian Church if we should both leave it? I think perhaps I had better stay and watch the wreck. But I must adjourn most of what I have to say to my own pulpit, where I feel more at home and have larger audiences. Meanwhile I pray for you and your families all happiness and prosperity. I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

On this extraordinary trial the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher commented as follows, in his paper the "Christian Union":—

"With the majority the verdict seems to have been a matter of calm and deliberate conviction, while the minority, if we may judge from their arguments, were not wholly free from passion and vindictive sentiment.

In truth, however, the Brooklyn Presbytery,

rather than Dr. Talmage, has been on trial, and ecclesiasticism more than either. The unbelieving world has looked on, at first with curiosity, and then with anything but reverence or even respect, at the proceedings of this 'Court of Jesus Christ.' It has wondered what example of charity, mutual forbearance, mutual consideration, and, above all, of disinterested and dispassionate love of truth and equal justice, the Church had to show to the world, and it has been amazed at the extraordinary example actually presented. How, it has asked, do the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ proceed in order to learn the truth concerning a disciple accused of un-Christian conduct? To the answer given it has listened either with sorrowful silence or with open derision.

It is simply astonishing that in this nineteenth century a body of Christian ministers can devise no method more in accord with the spirit and principles inculcated by Jesus Christ for the determination of the truth of 'common fame' respecting a brother, than this modified form of Anglo-Saxon paganism. Imagine the question of Paul's orthodoxy, or John Mark's consistency, left to be determined by appointing Peter to stretch every nerve to prove him guilty, John to employ every stratagem to prove him innocent, and the rest of the apostles to decide between them after the sacred sparring-match was over!

What method could we propose? In the absence of any better suggestion, we think it might be well for the disciples of Christ to try the method which Christ recommended. If any brother felt himself

personally injured by Dr. Talmage, or felt that a more serious injury had been inflicted on the Churches of Christ by his conduct, he might go to him alone to remonstrate; if that did no good, he might take one or two discreet brethren, and make, with their aid, a more vigorous attempt to rectify the wrong; and, if that also failed, he might then leave Dr. Talmage alone, and if necessary make a public statement why he chose to do so. This is not a method very much in vogue in any Christian denomination as yet. It affords no field for forensic displays, and no opportunity for newspaper notoriety. We will not say that even some better method of dealing with Christian ministers accused by that 'devil's advocate' of modern society, 'common fame,' may not be discovered or invented in the future. But we think we are quite prepared to say that trial by wager of battle in a 'Court of Jesus Christ' is not such an invention as will commend itself to the average unbeliever as any improvement on Christ's forgotten plan."

In the "Christian World" of London, under date June 6, 1879, an article appeared from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, Holborn, which was generally regarded as a kind of "summing up" against Dr. Talmage. But since then Dr. Parker has published a sort of recantation of that judgment, and as the change in his mind was wrought by a visit from the Rev. Charles Wood of Buffalo, United States, a Presbyterian minister, and now in England as one of the representatives of the American Presbyterians to the General Assembly of the Church of

Scotland, we think it only fair to Dr. Parker and Dr. Talmage to give the article referred to:—"My readers will unanimously bear me witness that from first to last I have had only kind words for Dr. Talmage. Some time since it was rumoured that he had acted a very singular part in the matter of a fatal accident on an American river. He made a complete and triumphant reply, which I reproduced, adding a few words of most hearty sympathy and interest. When I was in Brooklyn six years ago, Dr. Talmage received me most kindly; he asked me to preach to his people; he said kind things in his paper; and, in short, he showed all possible friendliness. These are things which I do not easily forget, so when this trial business came up my whole heart went out after Talmage and my confidence in him was unreserved. I had made up my mind to ask him to preach in the City Temple, and to show him all hospitality and affection. Whilst in this state of mind the *New York Evangelist* came into my hands, and it contained the first and only connected and apparently complete statement of the trial I had seen, and I perused it with eager interest. Being almost wholly ignorant of Presbyterian methods of procedure, I supposed that Dr. Van Dyke was making the formal accusation, and that Dr. Talmage said about all he had to say in self-explanation and defence. Van Dyke's statement was so clear, so moderate, and so detailed, and Dr. Talmage's speech was so offhanded and so jocular, that I began to fear that there was more substance in the accusation than I at

first supposed. But on Saturday night last the Rev. Charles Wood called upon me, and gave me a copy of the speech which had been used by Dr. Talmage's counsel, that I might see exactly how the defence stood. I have learned that Dr. Van Dyke is a near neighbour of Dr. Talmage's, that he is a good and able man, but that his congregation is small. I do not know the effect of this upon an American Presbyterian, but I do know exactly what it would be in the case of some English Congregationalists. The effect would be a most virulent and unreasoning prejudice against the successful man, and all sorts of snarling criticisms would be passed upon him. If 'John Strong,' for example, were in Van Dyke's position, nothing would be too venomous or cruel for him to say; as for a few perversions here and there, they would be of very small account if the object in view, namely, the torment of the successful man, required their aid. It has come to pass that Van Dyke has done exactly what 'John Strong' has done, that is to say, he has, under a feigned name, written a letter to a Philadelphia newspaper respecting Talmage, which letter is, in my opinion, shamefully disgraceful. The man who could write *such* a letter, under an assumed name, about a brother minister and a near neighbour, is capable of making *any* accusation, and ought not to be listened to for one moment. I hate cowardice. I have suffered so much from it myself, and have seen so frequently the damnable treatment of one minister by another, envy and jealousy of the vilest kind being in common

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use, that I am determined to denounce it by speech and pen wherever I find it. Had I read Van Dyke's letter first I should certainly never have read his speech. He wrote to Philadelphia, signed himself 'Augustin,' and said the meanest things of his nearest neighbour. Turning from this, let me ask, 'Who was Dr. Talmage's counsel?' The answer is, 'Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn.' Dr. Spear is an old-school Presbyterian, who had no particular liking either for Talmage or his methods; a venerable, quiet, cautious man, who has lived an obscurely public life, honoured and beloved by his own people. Dr. Spear comes out of this trial with a real love for Dr. Talmage, thinking him far enough from a perfect man, but still giving him his affection and his confidence. I no sooner got hold of Dr. Spear's speech than I went at once to the charge about leaving the *Christian at Work* dishonourably. That was the principal charge in my opinion. I have read the defence, and it now appears (1) that the newspaper was very far from being a financial success; (2) that Dr. Talmage had given notice to leave it; (3) that the paper was sold without Dr. Talmage's knowledge; (4) that Dr. Talmage was not told to whom it had been sold; (5) that on hearing of the sale he went down to the office after the paper was made up and took out an article to make room for a very short valedictory, saying that he was going over to another paper and leaving his address. Of course it was very singular that on the *very day* of this being done there was to have been an adver-

tisement in the *Christian at Work* referring to the paper to which Talmage was going, of which advertisement, however, Talmage says he knew nothing, and no proof has been given that he did know of it. Now all this puts a very different complexion upon the matter from that which it was made at first to bear. If I was asked to sit down and find all the fault I could with the case, even as Dr. Spear puts it, I could find a good deal of very serious fault; on the other hand, Talmage had suffered (so he says) a good deal of provocation, the paper was not a success in his hands, he had given notice to leave it, and he was forced by others into very sudden action. I dare not say that I should have been a better man under the circumstances, and therefore I cannot condemn Talmage. What the other defences may be I cannot say, for I have not yet read them. I instinctively go over to the side of the man who is accused. I have always done this, and I hope always to do so. I hate the accusatory spirit; it is devil-born, and infinitely detestable. At the same time I like to get at the reality of the case, and to have the full consent of my own mind in giving any man my support. Possibly I may return to the subject next week; meanwhile I vote that the first charge is not sufficiently sustained.

“JOSEPH PARKER.

“City Temple.”

With this we must now take leave of this remarkable trial. Of one thing we have no doubt, that

whatever errors of judgment Dr. Talmage may have committed—and we neither believe in his infallibility nor that of his accusers—public confidence in the general integrity of his heart and life will remain undisturbed. And we are perfectly sure we but express the wishes of tens of thousands of Christians of all denominations and in all lands, when we pray that this trial, sharp and painful as it has been to Dr. Talmage, may be sanctified to prepare him for far greater, wider, and higher usefulness, to the glory of God.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. TALMAGE'S VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1879.

DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA, MAY 28, 1879.

THE intense excitement created in Brooklyn by the announcement that Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Talmage, and Miss Jessie Talmage would visit England, found its outlet in the following manner. Arrangements were made to freight the palatial steamer, "Grand Republic," to convey over three thousand people, members and other friends, so far as Sandy Hook, to bid them good-bye. The vessel was gaily decked with flags from stem to stern. Among the friends on board the "Grand Republic" were Revs. E. S. Porter, J. W. Williamson, C. N. Sims, B. G. Benedict, J. S. Davison, B. B. Brake, O. S. St. John, A. Taylor, T. Evans, J. A. Baldwin, G. C. Lucas, L. Parker, and L. Gilbert. In attendance also, were Mayor Howell, Aldermen French and Aitken, ex-Mayor Hunter, City Treasurer Mr. Little, Justice Bloom, Assessor Norton, Police Commissioner Jourdan, the United States District Attorney, A. W. Tenney, Messrs. Selmes, Low, Hendris, Britton, Skidmore,

McNeil, Powell, Beeke, Fairfield, Lane, Voorhees, Martin, Brockarday, Quimby, Pierson, Van Benchoston, Jones, Smith, Winslow, Jardine, Masters, Miles, Temple, Quackenboss, Adams; Professors West, Dutcher, Arbuckle, Crittenden, &c. Music, by Wernig's 23rd Regiment Band, was played in stirring airs from the Tabernacle "collection." Under the pilotage of Major Corwin, Dr. Talmage passed through crowds of people to Jewell's Dock, and punctually at 9 A.M. found himself in the midst of over three thousand friends and members of his church. A large number of the Presbyterian clergy, and of other denominations, were on board to express their best wishes for Dr. Talmage and family. The "Grand Republic" then swung off into the stream, amid a chorus of music and steam whistles, followed by a volley of cheers which rang over the water in the steamer's wake. A rapid run was made to the Battery, Pier 40, North River, where the magnificent "Gallia," of the Cunard line, lay swarming with passengers and their friends. Here another volley of cheers went up, as Dr. Talmage and his family stepped upon the deck. They immediately took their station on the quarterdeck of the "Gallia," and waved their farewells. Cheer after cheer was given by the Tabernacle people, as their boat hauled out into the stream, the band playing "Sweet By-and-By." About 11 A.M. the Cunarder steamed rapidly seaward, followed sharply by the "Grand Republic." Soon both vessels were off Staten Island, when the "Grand Republic" steered

alongside the "Gallia," and the band played another lively air. This brought Dr. Talmage and family again on deck, who waved their handkerchiefs, as the great vessel swept out to sea. Both vessels having passed through the Narrows, and out into the lower bay, the passengers of the "Gallia" were thrilled by the prolonged cheers of "the Tabernacle excursionists," and were themselves prompted to throng the port gunwale, and return the cheers. From the "Grand Republic" Mr. Arbuckle, of the Tabernacle, with his silver trumpet, sent the strains of the Doxology after the Doctor, the regimental band furnished the accompaniment, and then the company of three thousand lifted their voices, and gave the last "Farewell!" This was overwhelming to the Doctor; but quickly putting his hands to his mouth, he shouted a last "Good-bye, God bless you!" Several hundred yards separated these vessels, yet his words fell upon all ears with a startling distinctness. The "Grand Republic" then headed for New York, and the magnificent "Gallia" made a rapid and splendid voyage to England.

THE "GALLIA" OFF QUEENSTOWN.

On May 15 we received a cable telegram announcing Dr. Talmage's intended visit to England, and immediately made arrangements to meet and welcome him off Queenstown. By the courtesy of the famous Cunard Company's agents, Messrs. D. and C. McIver, the necessary documents were completed for our transit by the steam-tender, which would be

sent out to receive the mails from the "Gallia" in mid-ocean. After a stormy passage of several hours, the steam-tender bravely accomplished her task, and we were duly landed on board. The Doctor and his family had retired to rest, having given up all hope of the steam-tender reaching the "Gallia." The surprise was great when we were announced, and a cordial greeting followed. Arriving safely in Liverpool, we accompanied the distinguished visitors to London, where the journey was safely completed on Saturday, June 7, at 2.30 P.M.

IN ENGLAND.

On Sunday, June 8, Dr. Talmage twice attended the services at Westminster Abbey to hear Canon Farrar (author of the "Life of Christ") and the famous Dean Stanley. In the evening he worshipped with the largest regular congregation in England at Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, and had the gratification of shaking hands with the pastor at the close of the service.

We have pleasure in reprinting an article which appeared in the "Liverpool Protestant Standard," under date June 14, 1879 :—

LANDING OF THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"The great Talmage of America landed in Liverpool on last Saturday, and after a brief stay journeyed on to London. This eminent divine and Christian warrior has of late months been made the target for abuse and vituperation from men whose chief char-

acteristics are composed of envy, jealousy, and wind. The accusations which these men brought against Dr. Talmage were almost too silly and absurd to command attention at all ; but as the wisest of men suggested that there are times when even fools should be answered according to their folly lest they be wise in their own conceit, we suppose that it was considered necessary that the accusers of Dr. Talmage should have a grand and unrestricted opportunity of making their folly known to all men. And in this not very enviable particular they have been most eminently successful ; and so it happens that Dr. Talmage instead of being crushed by his despicable persecutors has risen higher and higher in the estimation of all good, true and noble men, while his traducers are sinking lower and lower into the pit of unutterable yet well-merited contempt. For our part we have never at any time considered that Dr. Talmage or his character needed one word of defence from the pen of any writer. The mighty work which he has accomplished through his heart-stirring sermons proclaims him to be a man sent of God. No one pulpit orator of modern times, that we know of, has more vigorously, bravely, and valiantly attacked sin and evil in every shape and form than Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. Under his scathing denunciations of vice and iniquity he has caused the devil to roar with rage and his satellites to gnash their teeth with pain. No wonder was it that the spirits of demonism both in and out of the flesh combined together in order to try to accomplish the ruin of so great and such an uncom-

promising enemy of the kingdom of darkness. To blast the reputation of Talmage meant Satanic triumphs at which all hell would rejoice. Did not Dr. Talmage fearlessly attack official corruption in high quarters? Did he not stand up as the champion of the Bible in the public schools when its enemies tried to shut it out from the educational department? Did he not openly expose the vices of wealthy profligates who revelled in lust and unholy pleasures in the gilded palaces of debauchery of Brooklyn and New York cities? Did he not proclaim with apostolic earnestness and zeal a free and full salvation for every repentant sinner who sought pardon and forgiveness through the all-sufficient merits of the blood of Christ? Has he not charmed tens of thousands of young men and young women throughout the length and breadth of America and also in the fatherland, by his sermons, and won them over from the follies of low grovelling pursuits to the higher platform of noble thoughts and actions? Having done then so many things to ameliorate the condition of humanity and to make the world wiser and better, brighter and happier, it becomes a matter of no wonder that a special legion of unclean and calumniating spirits were let loose against him, for surely the Prince of the power of the air which now worketh in the children of disobedience saw that his kingdom and his craft for the destruction of souls was becoming seriously endangered through the merciless onslaughts made upon it by the brave and valiant Talmage. To destroy the reputation of such a man was an object worth strug-

gling for on the part of such a master mind in the realms and literature of iniquity as that of Beelzebub. But the old serpent, with all his subtilty, has again been foiled; and so it has come to pass that Talmage, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego of old, having abided for awhile in the sevenfold-heated furnace into which his enemies cast him, has come out from thence without a single hair of his head singed, nor is there the slightest scorch of the fire to be seen upon him. Well and truly saith the Scripture to all those who fight the Lord's battles — 'Greater is He that is for you than he that is against you.' "

WELCOME TO REV. DR. TALMAGE BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON,
OF ISLINGTON, AND HIS ELDERS AND DEACONS.

In announcing at the morning service in Colebrooke Row that Dr. Talmage was to occupy his pulpit in the evening, Dr. Thain Davidson said: "De Witt Talmage is certainly a remarkable man, endowed with gifts of an exceptional order. Of his sermons Mr. Spurgeon has said: 'They lay hold of my inmost soul; certainly the Lord is with this mighty man of valour.' I am quite aware that cruel and unkind things have been said of him; eminent men rarely escape the tongue of slander; but, personally, I have entire confidence in Dr. Talmage, and, with the majority of his presbytery, believe him to be innocent of the charges laid against him, and to be a guileless and greatly gifted servant of the Lord."

At a full meeting of the elders and deacons, it was unanimously resolved that Dr. Davidson be requested to assure Dr. Talmage that they heartily united with their pastor in the expression of confidence and regard.

DR. TALMAGE AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
ISLINGTON.

Dr. Talmage, having been announced to preach his first sermon at Dr. Thain Davidson's church, Colebrooke Row, Islington, large numbers of people assembled in front of the church at about 5.30 P.M., but the members of the congregation and their friends, who had obtained tickets of admission, entered at the side door. The church rapidly filled, and at 6 o'clock was almost inconveniently crowded. At 6.15, notwithstanding the crowded state of the church, the front doors, at which considerable clamour had for some time been heard, were thrown open, and part of the large crowd, which had by that time assembled, rushed in. Not many minutes elapsed before the edifice was full to overflowing, but the crowd continued to press forward into the aisles and the gallery. Immediately began a scene of confusion and uproar, which we think it is safe to assert has never been seen in this church before; and amidst cries of "No room," "No room," "Crush, crush," "We cannot move here," Dr. Davidson ascended the pulpit, and appealed to the people to remember that they were in the house of prayer, and begged them to abstain from unseemly exclamations. The hubbub

ceased for a few minutes, but presently recommenced, and with the same cries repeated. A gentleman in the gallery was heard to remind the people that they were not in the pit of a theatre, but in the house of God.

Dr. Davidson then announced the well-known hymn (No. 216) commencing "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and said, before we sing these words I want to say a word or two in the way of giving a cordial welcome to the distinguished stranger beside me in this pulpit. I have not had the privilege of being a hearer in my own church since the day when my late dear and beloved friend, Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, preached that noble sermon of his which some of you will remember (sad to say one of the last he delivered), upon 'walking by faith and not by sight.' I had chanced to remark last Sunday evening that I had often longed to be a hearer instead of a preacher here, but I had no idea then that I was so soon to have the privilege and the joy of listening to one who by his inexhaustible originality, his fearless plainness of speech, and his unmatched pictorial power, has not only got around him the largest congregation in America, but has secured in all parts of the world, from week to week through the press, his hundreds of thousands of interested and profited hearers. Well, speaking for myself, I welcome Dr. Talmage with my whole heart, and feel honoured that his first sermon in England should be preached in this pulpit, and not only so, but I may mention to him a gratifying circumstance which oc-

curred to-day. My elders and deacons, at an improvised meeting, unanimously requested me to convey to Dr. Talmage in their name as well as my own, a cordial and loving welcome. Well, my friends, this is not the largest, but it is one of the oldest of our Presbyterian churches in London. When Dr. Talmage kindly offered to give me the benefit of his first sermon here, I thought it would be selfish to have him here. I pressed upon him and his friends the duty of his going to the Agricultural Hall; but for reasons which I can quite understand, Dr. Talmage desired to spend a quiet evening in London. I am afraid that is a luxury he will hardly have here to-night. Let me say, however, for the consolation of those who are disappointed (and I hope you will make it known outside as widely as you can), that Dr. Talmage has kindly promised me that before he returns to America he will hold an afternoon service at the Agricultural Hall. I may say, in conclusion, that I have very often read his graphic sermons with a feeling of wonder; for, unless it be Dr. Guthrie, I regard my friend beside me as the greatest word-painter the age has produced; and I pray God that, unharmed by the lip of flattery or the tongue of slander, this splendid gift may long be consecrated to the service of his Master."

The text which Dr. Talmage selected on this occasion is found in Rev. vii. 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Our readers will find a full and faithful report of this characteristic discourse in the *Christian Age* of June 18, 1879.

The late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was accustomed to say that he never cared to hear an "unbruised minister," for that it was only those who had passed under the bruising Hand of God that could speak so as to comfort and help troubled minds. We think we could see in the deep and exquisite tenderness, and the far-extending sympathies which, like precious odours, perfumed the sermon on the "tearless world," the benefit and blessing with which God is already sanctifying His servant's troubles to make him not only a Boanerges, "a son of thunder," but a Barnabas also, "a son of consolation." May it be so!

THE TESTIMONY OF AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The following remarks concerning Dr. Talmage recently appeared in a first-class American journal:—

"No other preacher addresses so many constantly. The words of no other preacher were ever before carried by so many types, or carried so far. Types give him three continents for a church, and the English-speaking world for a congregation. The judgment of his generation will, of course, be divided upon him, just as that of the next will not. That he is a topic in every newspaper is much more significant than the fact of what treatment it gives him. Only men of genius are universally commented on. The universality of the comment makes friends and foes alike prove the fact of the genius. That is what is impressive. As for the quality of the comment, it will, in nine cases out of ten, be much more a revela-

tion of the character behind the pen which writes it than a true view or review of the man. This is necessarily so. The press and the pulpit in the main are defective judges of one another. The former rarely enters the inside of the latter's work. There is acquaintanceship, but not intimacy between them. Journals find out the fact of a preacher's power in time. Then they go looking for the causes. Long before, however, the masses have felt the causes and have realized, not merely discovered, the fact. The penalty of being the leader of great masses has, from Whitfield and Wesley to Spurgeon and Talmage, been to serve as the target for small wits. Their attacks confirm a man's right to respect and reputation, and are a proof of his influence and greatness. It can be truly said that while secular criticism in the United States favourably regards our subject in proportion to its intelligence and uprightness, the judgment of foreigners on him has long been an index to the judgment of posterity here. No other American is read so much and so constantly abroad. His extraordinary imagination, earnestness, descriptive powers, and humour, his great art in grouping and arrangement, his wonderful mastery of words to illumine and alleviate human conditions and to interpret and inspire the harmonies of the better nature, are appreciated by all who can put themselves in sympathy with his originality of methods and his high consecration of purpose. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He presses the eyes, hands, his entire body,

into the service of the illustrative truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As he stands out before the immense throng, without a scrap of notes or manuscript before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience could not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

His voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, strong effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. His power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration has no equal. No man was ever less self-conscious in his work. He feels a mission of evangelization on him as by the imposition of the Supreme. That mission he responds to by doing the duty that is nearest to him with all his might—as confident that he is under the care and order of a Divine Master as those who hear him are that they are under the spell of the greatest prose-poet that ever made the Gospel his song and the redemption of the race the passion of his heart.”

An English correspondent, who recently heard Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, writes as follows :—

“I worshipped in the Tabernacle on the Sabbath. It was only by sending my card to an acquaintance that we obtained seats. Hundreds went away who could not obtain standing room. The throng packed into the great church was estimated at about 6,000. The singing was congregational, and as good as any

heard in the Moody tabernacle in Chicago. The Scripture reading, the praise, the sermon were all delightful. Every utterance of the preacher is evangelical, the pure old Gospel, comforting to saints, full of warning to sinners. No effort was made to touch the sensibilities, and yet I saw tears on many strong faces. This is the Gospel of our fathers. It is the Gospel of our Church. It is the Gospel of our Blessed God. Why should not Satan seek the destruction of such a far-reaching instrumentality of the truth as it is in Jesus?"

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE REV. DR.

TALMAGE, BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

Professor Fowler, the eminent phrenologist, has just furnished us with the following delineation of Dr. Talmage's character, which will, we doubt not, greatly interest the readers of his life. Based upon most careful examination and scientific induction, it supplies a key to the mental and moral constitution of the great preacher, and throws much light upon his ministry and life.

The organization of Dr. Talmage is most marked, mentally and physically. Physiologically he is tall, spare and angular, having a predominance of the muscular, osseous and nervous systems. Though he has good lung-power and fair circulation, yet his ability to generate vitality is not equal to his inclination to work it off.

He is indebted to a powerful hereditary constitution for his ability to endure so much labour; all his

vital forces are very active, hence he recruits quickly when exhausted and recovers speedily when ill, especially if he can secure plenty of fresh air. He has all the machinery for working, and is never more in his element than when his hands are full of work. When he can have his own way and follow his own plans, he labours with great ease and without friction.

His brain is somewhat above the average in size, which gives strength and comprehensiveness of mind, but is not so large as to be cumbersome or unwieldy. Having an abundance of both nerve and muscle, he is vigorous and positive in all his mental and physical operations. His head is peculiar in shape, being unusually high and very largely developed in the crown and top portions. It is rather long and quite narrow.

The executive forces of his mind are Combative-ness, Self-esteem and Firmness, all of which are very large. He is never more in his element than when difficulties are to be overcome. Opposition is only so much fuel to the fire and keeps him going. He has great power in debate, criticism and sarcasm. He has perfect self-reliance, independence, consciousness of his own ability and willingness to take all the responsibilities of his own life and actions on himself. He has perfect presence of mind in times of danger, and can control himself better than most men. He is very determined in his mental operations, and it is next to impossible for him to give up any course of life he has resolved to pursue. This power of will is so great as to influence his entire life. He has a very warm, social nature; all the loves amply developed, can enjoy married life highly, and takes a deep interest in children. He is almost extravagant in his affections, and will stand by his friends or principles to the last.

Few are prepared to make so many sacrifices for the sake of friends or objects of attachment as he is. He is remarkably domestic, and finds it difficult to change his homes, habits or uniform ways of doing things.

Continuity is unusually large, giving connectedness to thought and disposing him to carry out his ideas to the ultimate and to make the most of them. He is in danger of being absent-minded. The motional part of his nature comes from Hope, Spirituality and Veneration, which are all large. He is extravagant in his expectations, delights to dwell on the future, has no desire to look back, but is always looking forward, planning ahead, and has an amount of enterprise equal to the largest operations. He is liable to project too large plans, and to be too sanguine and to expect too much. He never is so thoroughly disappointed as to give up. If he should fail, he would only start again with more zeal and vigour than he had at first. Spirituality is large, which helps to expand his thoughts and feelings. He has, as it were, a third eye, and that a spiritual one. He possesses uncommon ability to represent his thoughts in a peculiarly spiritual style, and to enlarge upon his thoughts and feelings, and present his subject in all its bearings. Frequently when it is time to stop speaking or writing he has more to say than when he commenced.

He has much to think of and entertain himself with when all alone.

His faith in a spiritual life and existence is very great, and this, joined to his large Veneration, gives an elevated tone to his mind, which carries him far above the ordinary range of mental action.

With such a cast of mind, devoted to the subject of

religion; he would be as familiar with all spiritual subjects and with thoughts about the Deity, and a future life, as another man would be with common affairs in active business.

Benevolence and Conscientiousness are both large. He has a desire to dwell on the right and wrong of subjects, and bears down hard on all forms of injustice; yet Benevolence gives a mellow and gentle tone to his mind, inclining him to sympathize with all kinds of misery, want, and infirmity. It is no effort for him to make personal sacrifices, to relieve the needy, and his sympathies will be extended to all classes who deserve them. Ideality and Sublimity are both large, giving expansiveness to his mind, and enabling him to magnify and embellish, and even to use the most extravagant language to present his thoughts and feelings. Sublimity is specially large, which leads him to contemplate manifestations of power, and disposes him to dwell with delight on the Divine attributes. He would enjoy seeing an active volcano or an earthquake, or any awful phenomena of nature. Constructiveness being large, enables him to present his ideas in a varied form, and to show skill and ingenuity in making new arrangements and turning all his forces to the best account.

Imitation helps him to adapt himself to any condition in which he may be placed. Mirthfulness is large, giving him a keen perception of the witty. He can present his ideas in the most concentrated, mirthful, and ludicrous form, or reason in such a way as to present the subject in the most absurd light.

All his perceptive faculties are large, and hence he quickly observes all that is taking place around him. He recognises forms, faces, proportions, and the fitness

and adaptation of parts, and has a good mechanical and architectural eye.

He loves colour in flowers, scenery, dress, decoration, and admires physical and artistic beauty.

Order and Calculation are large. He works by rule, and must have everything done according to some plan ; hence he can do more work than many, because his plans are all laid down before he commences operations. He remembers places accurately, and can describe them correctly ; has a good general memory of events, historical facts, stories, and illustrations, but memory of these things is greatly aided by his very large Comparison. He has quite an accurate sense of punctuality, and knows how to use every minute of time and how to make the most of it.

He is disposed to keep time in music and step in walking.

Language is rather large, but is scarcely equal to his mental conceptions. When fairly roused up to a subject, he may show no want of language, but usually he has much more thought and feeling than command of language. This faculty, however, is greatly aided by his having but little restraining power, and a great amount of expansiveness of mind, which gives liberty both of thought and expression.

Causality is fully and definitely developed, enabling him to comprehend principles and lay foundations for argument ; but his great intellectual power is Comparison, giving discrimination and capacity to contrast one thing with another. This faculty, joined to Ideality and Spirituality, enables him to fully present a subject, and to render it clear and distinct to his hearers.

He delights to have everything fitted to its place,

everything handy and convenient, and he has great availability of intellect.

He can use his knowledge to the best advantage. Intuition is very large, he has great penetration, correctly understands the workings of the mind, and loves to study simple truth. He is continually looking forward to the future, to know what is true connected with the Divine mind.

He has the peculiar power of expanding thought and feeling or concentrating and condensing, so that the same idea can be enlarged into a long discourse or condensed into a short one. Cautiousness is large, giving a due degree of forethought, general prudence, and power to keep out of real difficulty, but it is not large enough to give timidity or irresolution. He may seem to be severe under the influences of Combativeness and Destructiveness, or to be too dictatorial and determined under the influences of Self-esteem and Firmness. Yet Destructiveness is not large; he is not cruel or revengeful, does not harbour hard feelings, and would scarcely punish an enemy if he had him in his hands.

He is greatly opposed to shedding blood, going to war, or causing unnecessary pain. Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness are small; hence he is wanting in worldly-wisdom. He needs money and property to carry out his large operations, and that need may be a powerful stimulant for him to acquire property; but he is not naturally a good financier or manager of money. Secretiveness being rather small, he is inclined to great openness and frankness, and therefore liable to expose himself to unnecessary criticism. He is perfectly frank, candid, and open-hearted, and the opposite to a hypocrite or deceiver. More Acquisitiveness and Secretive-

ness would help to give a kind of wisdom which would be much to his advantage.

He has not much of the qualities of Approbateness and Agreeableness, is no flatterer, and cannot cater or say and do things simply to please. He cares very little about the fashions. He is anxious to have power, and prefers to be respected rather than to be treated with familiarity. More Approbateness would be of great service by way of giving ease and grace of manner, and a desire to suit himself more to the ways and customs of society.

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THE END.

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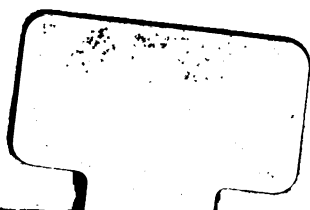
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